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# The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 August, 1928

## Our August Number

By THE EDITOR

***Wesley Day.***

MAY 24 was an inspiration. Long deferred honour was paid to Wesley's West End Cathedral where he and his brother Charles ministered with mighty power from 1743 to the end of their days. The Rector of St. Giles in the Fields welcomed the proposal to erect a commemorative tablet on the outside wall at West Street, and offered some beautiful prayers before the President gave his address. Mr. Hodson Smith drew a suggestive comparison between Empire Day and the great Spiritual Empire which Wesley built up by his glorious apostleship. This was effectively illustrated by quotations from the *Journal* referring to West Street. Outside, Dr. Sharp spoke of the work of the International Methodist Historical Union and asked the President to unveil the tablet. Then we moved on to City Road where the Rev. F. Boreham preached. His text was the rending of the Veil. God spoke then in that language of gesture which all understand, and Jesus led the generations into the holy place once veiled from all eyes save those of the High Priest. That was the work to which Wesley's life was devoted.

The Children's Home Choir and the Community Singing led by Mr. Swidenbank gave much delight, and the evening meeting was a marked success. Mr. Shrubsall struck the keynote when he spoke of Wesley's conversion as a great religious influence which had meant so much for the Kingdom of God. No man's work had gone deeper into the life of this country. Dr. Harrison wafted us away to the historic scenes of England with a master's wand. Dr. Sugden drew an impressive picture of ethical and emotional conversion, combined in Wesley's experience. Mr. Boreham told us that every day he read a bit of Wesley's *Journal,* and dwelt on the way in which Wesley cleansed the whole stream of the life of his time by pouring into it some of the spiritual life from his own soul. Dr. Sharp gave thanks to all helpers and did not forget the friends at City Road, Mr. Dell who had been indefatigable in his

labours, as well as Mr. Aykroyd and others who had made the day a memorable success.

***Dr. Fitchett.***

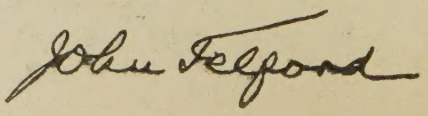
Thirty years ago Dr. Fitchett's *Deeds that Won the Empire* gave him a world-wide reputation, which he increased by many subsequent volumes on Wellington and Nelson and the great deeds that saved Europe from its perils in the opening years of the nineteenth century. He did noble service for Methodism in Australia, both as Principal of the Ladies' College, as editor, preacher, and President. His death on May 25 makes us realize more than ever what a gift he was to ecumenical Methodism.

***'Methodism.'***

Mr. Bardsley Brash has written the volume on *Methodism* in *The Faiths* series edited by Dr. Jacks (Methuen & Co, 5*s*.). The Wesleys and their helpers stand out from the canvas. We trace the brothers from Epworth to Charterhouse and Westminster, see how Oxford left its stamp deep upon them, and Georgia made them conscious of wonders of grace to which they had not yet attained. Then came Pentecost and the Revival, in which Wesley showed not only enthusiasm, but also a fine sense of direction. Mr. Brash has the facts at his finger's end, and makes the story live. He holds rightly that the Wesleys more than any one else fought and conquered for ever rigid Calvinism. Justice is done to the apostolic band of Wesley's veterans. The rise and progress of American Methodism, the relations to the Church of England, the Secessions and the missionary spirit of Methodism are well brought out in this spirited and well-informed volume.

***The Kansas Conference.***

May was a great month for the Methodist Episcopal Church. It elected Dr. Stanley Jones as bishop, but he resigned, feeling that he was irresistibly called to be an evangelist, and thus set its seal on his memorable work in India. It brushed aside the charge of disloyalty to evangelical truth brought against some of its leaders, and so far from limiting the influence of the bishops it took steps which should wisely consolidate it. The riches of its intellectual and spiritual bill of fare were astonishing and everything showed that Methodism in America is determined to use her vast resources to extend the Kingdom which has no frontiers. Emphasis was laid on the vital need of an educated ministry. John Wesley himself is the great example of the union of scholarship and evangelism.



# The Romance of Unconscious Motives

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

A MAN may carry out an action believing that he is doing it from one motive, when the power which is the real dynamic enabling him to carry it out comes from another. This other motive may be semi-conscious, sub-conscious, or even unconscious. Thus a man may even be doing work in the Church believing that his motive is altruistic and disinterested, but the driving power behind his service may be a desire to satisfy his instinct for self-display. A man may give money to a fund because he believes in the fund and wants to help it, or it may be that he wants to see his name high up on the subscription list. A girl may stay at home 'to look after mother' or because she is too big a baby to face up to any bigger demand in life. A person may read books, or see plays, or look at pictures from the motive of art, or it may be to satisfy some perverted and unclean curiosity. Or in each of the cases that I have mentioned both motives may play a part.

***The Discovery of Low Motives.***

In psycho-analysis a patient often finds, to his surprise and sometimes to his horror, that for a long time he has believed himself actuated by perfectly pure motives only to discover lower motives as the real dynamic of his activity. For instance, a man doing work in the slums finds that the real dynamic of his activity was a desire frustrated in his own set, but realized among the very poor, to be somebody. Spurned in his own set, he was looked up to by the poor, and thus he satisfied his own instinct for self display. A girl, who had a great reputation for unselfishness, discovered on analysis that she took to being unselfish because only in this way could she secure praise and admiration for which she had an abnormal desire. Without any gifts that would bring her into the centre of interest, her desire was satisfied by becoming unselfish, or rather, by hearing people comment on her actions, saying, 'How unselfish!'

All this sounds as though one is rather taking a delight in imputing low motives to everybody. It will be valuable to use Dr. Hadfield's clever distinction between the initial motive and the end motive.[1] For instance, if a man breaks into a house and

[1] *Psychology and Morals*, p. 172. To the chapter on 'Motives' I am under a deep debt in this article.

steals my silver is his motive theft, or is his motive avarice? The initial motive is avarice, the end motive is theft. But the dynamic of his activity is avarice, not theft. So we sometimes think of a man's motive as the good of his fellows, or the service of his country. These are end motives, but the initial motive, the power that drives him to do all these things, would be more correctly called his instinct for display or the herd instinct respectively. The distinction can be seen in the story of the little girl who was reproved by her mother for biting her brother's nose. The mother said, ' It must have been the devil that put such an idea into your mind.' ' No,' the little girl said, ' the devil made me angry, but biting his nose was entirely my own idea.' [1]

***The Impulse of Self-Gratification.***

Behind every action lies an instinctive impulse which the self desires to gratify. When that impulse is accepted by the self as satisfying we call it a motive. Dr. Hadfield, then, defines motive as follows: ' The motive is a desire directed towards an end approved by the self.' Some people emphasize the end motive and some the initial motive, or as I should prefer to call them the surface motive and the dynamic motive, but self knowledge must include both, and what is most easily overlooked is the dynamic motive which is generally derived from the instincts. It is the dynamic motive which the psychologist looks for, because it always tells him more about his patient than the surface motive. Yet if we discover that our dynamic motive is not as noble as we thought, we must not disparage ourselves, or other people, as long as the end to which it is directed is a noble end. Thus a lady whose life was devoted to rescue work among fallen girls believed that she was impelled to do this by the highest motive, the well-being of her fellow creatures. This certainly was the end motive, but the initial motive, and by far the more powerful dynamic was sexual curiosity. How wrong and unwise however, it would be to say that since her motive was what we have described she ought to give up her work. If she gave up her work, the energy from the sex instinct would find an outlet somehow, and probably in a way less helpful to the world and to herself. What she must do is to continue her work, but frankly realize where the driving power comes from, and never engage in her work merely to satisfy a doubtful curiosity but always direct it to its truly noble end. She must go on with her work, certainly, but knowledge is a real gain.

[2] Op. cit., p. 172.

First of all she will be saved from hypocrisy. Second, she knows that she is finding an outlet for the most dangerous instinct we possess, which, recognized, is always more healthily dealt with. Thirdly, recognition means ability to control. And, fourthly, she will be able to sympathize with, and thus to help more truly the ' fallen girls ' amongst whom she works, when she realizes that the instinct which led to their fall and the instinct which led her into this work are one and the same. ' In judging our motives everything depends on the kind of end which arouses our instincts . . . the end determines the quality of the act, whether it is selfish or altruistic . . . so long as the pleasurable impulse is directed towards the service of others it is altruistic; as soon as the gratification of the instinct becomes itself the end motive as well as the motive force it becomes selfish. For an action to be altruistic it must be consciously directed towards the service of others.'[1] So if we discover suddenly a motive which has been unconscious, say to be admired by others, the health of the soul demands that we shall gratify it in service to others. If an unconscious motive is suddenly made conscious to us by which we see that self importance or self display is the driving power in some of our activities, let us use it to make ourselves efficient at our job, for efficiency in service is altruism.

***Exploring the Unconscious.***

The part this unconscious motive plays is very romantic, very revealing, and often very amusing. It gives us a wonderful insight into the human mind, and it is hoped that the contemplation of the case about to be described may help us to gain some insight into our own mental processes.

One of the methods of psycho-analysis is called the method of word association. It is as interesting as a Christmas game. You give a person a list of words one after another called stimulus words, and you instruct him, when you call out a word, to give, as soon as he can, the first word which occurs to his mind. This word is called the reaction word. Then, if possible, you note the time which elapses between the stimulus word and his reaction word. By noting the nature of the reaction word a good idea of the unconscious processes of the patient's mind can be arrived at. Even if the patient endeavours to deceive the analyst by substituting another word instead of the word that comes first to his mind, the reaction time will indicate which stimulus words are significant. The patient from whom the following record was taken by Jung, had determined during a

[1] Op cit., p. 176.

recent depression to drown himself. Note the reaction time, and the words italicized.

| | Stimulus word. | Reaction word. | Reaction time in seconds. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Head. | Hair. | 1.4 |
| 2. | Green. | Meadow. | 1.6 |
| 3. | *Water.* | *Deep.* | 5.0 |
| 4. | Stick. | Knife. | 1.6 |
| 5. | Long. | Table. | 1.2 |
| 6. | *Ship.* | *Sink.* | 3.4 |
| 7. | Ask. | Answer. | 1.6 |
| 8. | Wool. | Knit. | 1.6 |
| 9. | Spiteful | Friendly. | 1.4 |
| 10. | *Lake.* | *Water.* | 4.0 |
| 11. | Sick. | Well. | 1.8 |
| 12. | Ink. | Black. | 1.2 |
| 13. | *Swim.* | *Can swim.* | 3.8 |

Life is much more meaningful than most of us imagine, and there is a motive, often unconscious, in everything we do. For instance, if I say to somebody, ' Think of a number,' he might imagine that his choice of a number was purely arbitrary. Nothing is arbitrary. The world—including the world of mind—is either governed by law or it is not. If it is not then chaos reigns. If it is then law operates throughout. It is inconceivable that law directs some happenings and that others are arbitrary. I recently had a very amusing illustration of this. A man frankly denied that if he thought of a number there was any reason for his thinking of it, and I admit that one cannot always discover a reason, but there is a reason. I challenged this friend to think of a number, upon which he immediately said, without any hesitation, seventy-six. I admit that I was very, very lucky in hitting on it. I said, ' What have you been doing this afternoon? ' He said, ' Conducting a funeral.' ' What was the age of the person who died? ' He said, ' I don't know. I don't always read the inscription on the coffin.' ' Well, was it a man or a woman? ' He said, ' A man.' ' A young man or an old man? ' He said, ' An old man.' I afterwards telephoned to the undertaker and said, ' What was the age of the man Mr. So-and-so buried this afternoon? ' He said, ' Seventy-six.' He had *unconsciously* noticed the figure on the coffin, or in the register that he signed at the cemetery office, and that was the number which came first into his mind.

***Striking Illustrations.***

Dr. Ernest Jones, of Harley Street, gives another interesting

example. When a friend of his was asked to think of a number he said at once, nine hundred and eighty-six, and he defied Dr. Jones to connect it with anything of interest in his mind. The doctor and his friend were sitting in front of a particularly hot fire, from which the friend had recently drawn back, stating that it was too hot. The doctor was also lucky in hitting on it, because it is extremely difficult to dig out these unconscious motives, but he said to his friend casually, 'Are you feeling the heat?' The friend said, 'Yes, that is why I drew back my chair.' The doctor said, 'Does the heat remind you of anything?' 'Yes,' the friend said, 'it reminds me that the last time I was as hot as this was a hot day abroad last summer.' 'Oh!' said the doctor jubilantly, 'do you remember the temperature?' 'Yes,' the friend said, 'it said in the paper that the thermometer went up to 98.6.' Hence the number nine hundred and eighty-six. Similarly if I put before you a drawer of wools of different colours and said, 'Choose your colour,' you might argue that there was no reason in the world why you should choose green, or mauve. The psychologist holds that there is a reason, though you may not be able to dig out what it is, just as there is some reason why I wrote 'green' and 'mauve' above. Both our love of colour and dislike of a colour have a motive. I read somewhere of a man whose wife had the dining-room decorated with a red wall-paper. Her husband was furious. When asked if he objected to the colour, he admitted that it was a pretty colour, but said, with something of ferocity, that he wasn't going to have any room in his house papered red. Asked for his reasons, he said he had no reason, but he wouldn't have red wall-paper. A psychologist friend was not long in spotting the reason. When at school this hater of red wall-paper was a particularly obstreperous boy. He therefore made a number of pilgrimages to the headmaster's study for a painful proceeding which need not be indicated. The headmaster's study was papered in red.

I have in my possession a letter from Professor Freud, of Vienna, giving me permission to make any use I like of any of his writings. In his book *The Psycho Pathology of Everyday Life,* there are quite a number of splendid illustrations of conduct unconsciously motivated. Professor Freud was writing the history of one of his patients for publication, and wondered what name to give her in order to disguise her. It would seem that there would be an immense selection of names from which he could choose, but he found at once that only one

name sprang up to his mind, the name of Dora. He at once practised a little psycho-analysis. Why had he thought of the name Dora? The first Dora he thought of then was a nurse of his sister's children. Why should he think of her? Then an incident of a previous evening threw light on it. On his sister's dining-room table he had noticed a letter, which had come by post, bearing the address, ' Miss Rosa Whiting.' Picking up the letter he said, ' Whose is this? ' His sister said, ' Oh, that's for nurse.' ' Oh,' he said, ' I thought her name was Dora.' ' No,' his sister said, ' it's Rosa, the same as mine, but we call her Dora, so as to prevent confusion.' Professor Freud had then said, ' Poor girl, she can't even keep her own name.' Then the reason for his subsequent immediate seizure of the name Dora became obvious. He wanted a name to describe a patient *who could not retain her own name.* Most of us would not bother, of course, to analyse choices like this, preferring to say, ' Oh, I just thought of it,' but there is a reason *why* we thought of it.

***Unconscious Forgetfulness.***

As there is an unconscious motive in our choice of a number, a colour, or a name, there is often an unconscious motive in our forgetfulness. I find that I often forget where a bill is. I rarely forget where a cheque is. Although I am a great sinner in the forgetting of names, and therefore am loth to believe that it is a rule without exception, we shall find that if we dislike a person we tend more easily to forget his name. ' What *is* the fellow's name? ' we say impatiently. Jung quotes an interesting case of this in his book *The Psychology of Dementia Præcox.* Mr. Y falls in love with a lady who soon afterwards marries Mr. X. In spite of the fact that Mr. Y was an old acquaintance of Mr. X and had business relations with him, he repeatedly forgot his name, and on a number of occasions when compelled in the course of business to correspond with him, he was obliged to ask other people what his name was.[1] There is a reason for all our forgetfulness could we but find it. A man whose brother had recently died, wished to recite a familiar poem which he could recite with the greatest ease up to the time of his brother's death. Subsequent to his brother's death, however, he always stuck at a line which included the words ' with the white sheet.' When asked for the thoughts that came into his mind when the words ' white sheet ' were used, he said, ' The white sheet makes

[1] Cf. The Scarlet Pimpernel's supposed inability to recall the name of Monsieur Chauvelin.

one think of a white sheet on a corpse—a linen sheet with which one covers a dead body. (Pause.) Now I am thinking of a near friend, his brother died quite recently, he is supposed to have died of heart disease. He was also very corpulent. (Pause) My friend is corpulent, too, and I thought he might meet the same fate. Probably he doesn't exercise enough. (Pause) When I heard of his death I became frightened that the same thing might happen to me. My own family is predisposed to obesity. (Pause) My grandfather died of heart disease. I am rather corpulent. (Pause) I began an obesity cure a few days ago.'

When Dr. Freud himself was very run down he could not recall a certain sanatorium in the Riviera. His wife reminded him that it was called 'Nervi.' He had had enough to do with nerves. A friend of mine who was the lady principal of a well-known University College, told me how one of her most brilliant students, who greatly disliked mathematics, forgot to turn up at the examination hall on the morning when the paper in mathematics had to be taken. Through this amnesia she failed the examination and arranged to sit the following year. To the horror of the principal she did the very same thing the following year.

Given the impression of two happenings on the mind is of equal depth, it is the tendency of the mind to forget that which is unpleasant. When I think of India I think of the attractive manhood of some young Indian students, of bathes in the sea in the moonlight, of the tennis parties in the garden, the glory of tropical vegetation, the thrill of colour and intoxication of Eastern life, not to mention the cheapness of cigars. I don't nearly so readily recall the pestilential mosquito, the frightful heat, the sapping effect of the climate on one's vitality, and the misery of the monsoon.

In Darwin's autobiography the following passage occurs:

> 'I had during many years followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought, came across me which was opposed to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail, and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favourable ones.'

Professor Blackie was known to go upstairs for the purpose of changing into evening dress to attend a greatly disliked social function. After some time had elapsed his wife called him, and

in vain. Going into the bedroom she found the Professor in bed. Disliking the thought of changing, the action of taking off his coat and waistcoat had stimulated the mental energy connected with the habit of going to bed, and the action completed itself, and the engagement was 'forgotten.'

***Freud's Story.***

Professor Freud gives a most revealing example of forgetting which was once related to him.

> 'Several years ago there were some misunderstandings between me and my wife. I found her too cold, and though I fully appreciated her excellent qualities, we lived together without evincing any tenderness for each other. One day on her return from a walk she gave me a book which she had bought because she thought it would interest me. I thanked her for this mark of "attention," promised to read the book, put it away, and did not find it again. So months passed, during which I occasionally remembered the lost book, and also tried in vain to find it.
>
> 'About six months later my beloved mother, who was not living with us, became ill. My wife left home to nurse her mother-in-law. The patient's condition became serious, and gave my wife the opportunity to show the best side of herself. One evening I returned home full of enthusiasm over what my wife had accomplished and felt very grateful to her. I stepped to my desk, and without definite intention but with the certainty of a somnambulist, I opened a certain drawer, and in the very top of it I found the long-missing, mislaid book.'[1]

A case is also cited which was related by Dr. Brill.

> 'A man was urged by his wife to attend a social function in which he really took no interest. Yielding to his wife's entreaties, he began to take his dress-suit from the trunk when he suddenly thought of shaving. After accomplishing this he returned to the trunk and found it locked. Despite a long earnest search the key could not be found. A locksmith could not be found on Sunday evening, so that the couple had to send their regrets. On having the trunk opened the next morning the lost key was found within. The husband had absent-mindedly dropped the key into the trunk and sprung the lock. He assured me that this was wholly unintentional and unconscious, but I know that he did not wish to go to this social affair. The mislaying of the key therefore lacked no motive.'[2]

Dr. Ernest Jones noticed in himself that he was in the habit of mislaying his pipe whenever he suffered from the effects of over-smoking. And many golfers have noticed how hard some

[1] Op. cit., p. 145.
[2] Op. cit., p. 147.

of their opponents find it to remember how many strokes they have played. Lovers know the same thing. If a lover has been late in meeting his girl and says by way of excuse that he has forgotten the time of the rendezvous, the retort may be expected, ' You wouldn't have forgotten twelve months ago.'

***Slips of the Tongue.***

As there is romance in this forgetting, there is also romance in the little slips of the tongue and of the pen. Probably most of them are due to unconscious mental activity. This was particularly illustrated in the way in which the President of the Austrian House of Deputies opened the session some time ago. It is reported that having made his speech, he said, ' I now declare the session closed.' Of course he said at once that he was very sorry, he meant to say ' open,' but probably the unconscious idea in his mind was that now he had made his speech it didn't matter how soon it was closed.

A certain Dr. Stekel was treating two patients from Trieste. The name of one was Peloni, the other was called Askoli. both of them were very distinguished gentlemen. He always said, ' Good morning, Mr. Peloni ' to Askoli, and ' Good morning, Mr. Askoli ' to Peloni. The real reason was the unconscious motive to inform Mr. Peloni that Mr. Askoli was a patient of his, and to inform Mr. Askoli that he needn't think *he* was the only distinguished patient from Trieste to seek the Doctor's advice.[1]

Freud, quoting Brill, tells a very intriguing story of a wealthy but stingy host who invited his friends for an evening dance.

> ' Everything went well until about 11.30 p.m. when there was an intermission, presumably for supper. To the great disappointment of most of the guests there was no supper; instead, they were regaled with thin sandwiches and lemonade. As it was close to election day the conversation centred on the different candidates; and as the discussion grew warmer, one of the guests, an ardent admirer of the Progressive Party candidate, remarked to the host: " You may say what you please about Teddy, but there is one thing he can always be relied upon; he always gives you a square meal," wishing to say square deal. The assembled guests burst into a roar of laughter, to the great embarrassment of the speaker and the host, who fully understood each other.' [2]

We may conclude that every time we commit a mistake in speaking or writing there is, in some mental process of which

[1] Op. cit., p. 89.
[2] Op. cit., p. 102.

we may be unconscious, a disturbance which is behind our intention.

*Unconscious Actions Explained.*

There is also a romance in mistaken actions which generally have behind them an unconscious motive. You may catch yourself out in this way. If you are destroying a number of letters, you will destroy those from people you dislike with far more vim than those from people you like. A servant will far more easily break something which causes her a good deal of work than something that saves her work. Freud quotes an interesting example of this in the experience of a young mechanical engineer.

> 'Some time ago I worked with many others in the laboratory of the High School on a series of complicated experiments on the subject of elasticity. It was a work that we undertook of our own volition, but it turned out that it took up more of our time than we expected. One day, while going to the labatory with E., he complained of losing so much time, especially on this day, when he had so many other things to do at home. I could only agree with him, and he added half jokingly, alluding to an incident of the previous week: "Let us hope that the machine will refuse to work, so that we can interrupt the experiment and go home earlier." In arranging the work, it happened that E. was assigned to the regulation of the pressure valve, that is, it was his duty carefully to open the valve and let the fluid under pressure flow from the accumulator into the cylinder of the hydraulic press. The leader of the experiment stood at the manometer and called a loud "Stop!" when the maximum pressure was reached. At this command E. grasped the valve and turned it with all his force—to the left (all valves, without any exception, are closed to the right). This caused a sudden full pressure in the accumulator of the press, and as there was no outlet, the connecting pipe burst. This was quite a trifling accident to the machine, but enough to force us to stop our work for the day and go home.'[1]

Rather a terrible example is given from the experience of a doctor I have quoted before called Brill.

> 'A physician received a telegram informing him that his aged uncle was very sick. In spite of important family affairs at home he at once repaired to that distant town because his uncle was really the one who had cared for him since he was one and a half years old, when his own father had died. On reaching there he found his uncle suffering from pneumonia, and, as the old man was an

[1] Op. cit., p. 190.

octogenarian, the doctors held out no hope for his recovery. "It was simply a question of a day or two," was the local doctor's verdict. Although a prominent physician in a big city, he refused to co-operate in the treatment, as he found that the case was properly managed by the local doctor, and he could not suggest anything to improve matters. Since death was daily expected, he decided to remain to the end. He waited a few days, but the sick man struggled hard, and although there was no question of any recovery, because of the many new complications which had arisen, death seemed to be deferred for a while. One night before retiring he went into the sick-room and took his uncle's pulse. As it was quite weak, he decided not to wait for the doctor, and administered a hypodermic injection. The patient grew rapidly worse and died within a few hours. There was something strange in the last symptoms, and on later attempting to replace the tube of hypodermic tablets into the case, he found to his consternation that he had taken out the wrong tube, and instead of a small dose of digitalis he had given a large dose of hyoscine. This case was related to me by the doctor after he read my paper on the Œdipus Complex. We agreed that this mistake was determined not only by his impatience to get home to his sick child, but also by an old resentment and unconscious hostility toward his uncle.'[1]

More than we ever guess our actions are symptomatic of our unconscious thoughts. The unconscious motive plays a greater part than many of us dream, and probably colours the motives on which we pride ourselves. The apparently undetermined choice of a number or colour or name, the trifling forgettings, the slips of tongue and pen all have a cause, a meaning, and a significance. It will help us to know ourselves to trace them back to their source as far as we may. And self-knowledge is power. At the same time let us be wary of watching other people for such slips and making hasty and ill-founded judgements on their inner character and life. We shall rarely know enough to form a sound judgement unless indeed they seek our help and ask us to assist them to put their finger on some inward evil which may be poisoning their lives. In such a case, symptomatic slips like those I have described would form a useful *part* of the evidence which would lead a psychological investigator to a conclusion regarding the nature of such evil. For ordinary life it is a good maxim that we should face the worst in regard to our own motives but in regard to those of others put them at their highest and give to all men credit for the best.

[1] Op. cit., p. 197.

# New Light on Stephen Langton

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

***His Birthplace.***

WHEN Professor Powicke of Manchester University chose Stephen Langton as the subject of his Ford Lectures at Oxford, just published by the Clarendon Press (15s. net), his friends doubted whether he could find anything new to say about him. He soon discovered, however, that he had a fresh, almost unworked, field of study and gathered round him a little group of workers who seem likely to throw further light on the subject. Langton is a common-place name, and hitherto it has not been known in which English village the archbishop was born. Professor Powicke has now made it clear that his birth-place was Langton by Wragby about fifteen miles from Lincoln. His father was a country gentleman of modest standing and Stephen was probably the eldest son, for he died in 1228 well advanced in years and his other brothers outlived him. We know nothing about his early education, but Professor Powicke says he must have come into contact with the clergy of Lincoln.

***Life in Paris.***

He went to Paris about 1180 and spent twenty years there as student and teacher. Paris was then becoming the chief centre of French culture. In its port were moored vessels laden with corn or salt, wine or wood. Its community of merchants was rising to power as a corporation. The great fortress of the Louvre was being built and in 1190 the city was enclosed in strong ramparts. Philip built markets, ordered the enclosure and the paving of the streets, employed the merchants. ' For travellers the scene had a peculiar charm. Taking the noise and clamour, the filth and stench for granted, they sometimes break into rhapsodies on the great river, the encircling woods, the monasteries and churches—ever increasing in number—and the vivacity of the place.'

The young student from Lincolnshire lived on the island where stood the royal palace and the cathedral. ' The swirl of the grey waters would always be before his eyes, the tap of the masons at work on the great church behind him would always be sounding in his ears. Around him, day by day, were

scenes of high life and of low from which he drew examples for his teaching, and, in later days, for his sermons.'

***His Work as Teacher.***

His master seems to have been Peter of Rheims, the Chanter, who became Canon of Notre Dame in 1169 and died in 1197 after a quarter of a century spent as the foremost teacher of Biblical and theological studies.

The similarity between the two teachers in outlook and method is striking. Langton himself became a well-known and honoured scholar. Pope Innocent mentions him as a canon of Notre Dame and this would entitle him to a house and stall and an endowment from his prebend. He made his reputation as a teacher by his *Questiones,* or lectures on theological and moral problems, of which several manuscripts survive. The Bible, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Gregory are his chief guides, but he quotes Bede and knew Boethius and the ' old logic ' of Aristotle. Professor Powicke gives some interesting examples of his teaching. ' Prayers for definite persons are more generally effective by reason of the greater devotion inspired, but are as effective for all as they are for the persons prayed for, just as a lamp or candle is as useful to those who did not have it made as for those who did.' He adds this should not be preached to the laity who believed in the peculiar efficacy of special prayer.

***His Bible Studies.***

His scripture postils or commentaries have more enduring fame. He found the traditional divisions of the text of the Bible were of unequal length and did not assist the understanding of the subject. That led him to make a division into chapters which as a whole was accepted in his own day, and has stood ever since. It was mainly owing to the initiative of Langton that the University of Paris, in the greatest period of its history, had a definite text of the Bible, divided into convenient sections, and arranged in a logical order. In due time a school of *correctores* prepared lists of various readings to be used in class alongside the Paris text. Roger Bacon had a lively contempt for the short-sighted policy in choosing a text at random and for the unsound methods of the Dominican *correctores.* He pleaded for a thorough revision and modern scholars could not seriously object to his canons of criticism. Langton took rank as one of the great expositors, but he was also a famous preacher. He is sometimes called Stephen with the Tongue of Thunder. Matthew Paris says, ' He could be likened to Augustine, Gregory, and Ambrose. By these works

the hearts of learned theologians were enlarged, and crowds of the faithful were recalled to a better life.'

***A Noted Preacher.***

He joined Robert Curzon, another Englishman who was also a disciple of the Chanter and a future Cardinal, in a preaching mission in Artois and Flanders. Langton's sermons are at times simple and direct, at other times far-fetched and allusive, running after conceits and hair-splitting refinements. M. Hauréau says, ' They have the rapidity of movement, the casual style of the extempore discourse, and must have won the success which always comes to literary facility. The man of action is speaking, saying in pithy brusque phrase everything that he wishes to say. Yet at the same time he plays far too much upon words, as men of his age did—and he goes beyond the fashion in exaggeration.' His use of familiar illustration will be seen from this passage. ' If a man wishes to go safely through the Kingdom of France and carries the King's seal with him, he will be safe anywhere in the kingdom. But if he were to cast the seal away, and take the seal of some obscure person, would he not be regarded as a madman? And how much more is he who casts away the seal of the eternal King and takes the seal of the devil? '

***Langton as Poet.***

Langton liked to string verses together and composed a rhymed psalter, each of its 150 verses had a salutation to the Virgin, and some play on the words of the corresponding Psalm. Professor Powicke has no doubt that he, and not King Robert of France, or Pope Innocent III, wrote the Veni, Sancte Spiritus—' Holy Ghost! my Comforter!—which is one of the greatest of all hymns.

An English religious in a chapter on the word ' Mother,' written during Langton's life time, speaks of the Holy Spirit as the Mother of the Church, training, guarding, counselling; and illustrates this by what Master Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, says in the noble sequence which he composed on the Holy Spirit:

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes anime,
Dulce refrigerium.

***Elected Archbishop.***

When Pope Innocent made him a cardinal in 1206, he was presumably the outstanding figure in the schools of Paris. The same year he was elected Archbishop of Canterbury by the monks in the Pope's presence, though he was not able to live in

England till July 1213. The great Cistercian monastery at Pontigny was his head-quarters for six years. He made vain attempts to heal the breach between the Pope and King John. When the King allowed him to return to England, Langton sought to bring about the full restitution of ecclesiastical property, the observance of canonical elections, and the establishment of sound government. He was a true Englishman and considered John's surrender of the kingdom to the Pope to have been a great and unnecessary blunder. A few days after his arrival in England he and the other prelates met John at Winchester, where he absolved him from excommunication, and after mass, the whole company dined together ' in joy and merriment.' Langton believed in the justice of the baronial demands and was generally known to be in sympathy with their promoters, but he hoped for a peaceful settlement and when the barons contemplated the use of force at the end of 1214, his influence with them began to wane. John put himself under the protection of the Church by taking the vows of a crusader, and his emissaries complained of the Archbishop's refusal to take strong measures. Rather than promulgate the sentence of excommunication against the barons, Langton was willing to incur the papal displeasure. He was suspended from the exercise of his functions and left England. It was the bitterest moment of his life. ' A king run wild, a vindictive and excommunicated baronage, anarchy in the administration, personal disgrace. He had thoughts of becoming a hermit or of entering the Carthusian, the most austere and remote of all the monastic orders.'

He was suspended from office and left England. John died in 1216 and Langton returned in the spring of 1218 but for two years and a half he was in a secondary position to the papal legate. He carried through on July 7, 1220 the translation of the body of Thomas à Becket to its shrine in Canterbury Cathedral and when he afterwards went to Rome he was able to secure the withdrawal of the legate and became chief adviser to the Crown during the minority of Henry III. He died at his manor of Slindon, four miles west of Arundel in Sussex on July 9, 1228, a year after the young king, Henry III, had gained full independence. Professor Powicke describes him as ' a great man, with a clear, sensible, penetrating, but not original mind, at work in a time more important, more critical, more full of opportunity, than any other period in the history of the mediaeval Church.'

# Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

## VIII. THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

WHAT is spiritual life? It is something more than a full material life. If social conditions were ideal, the spiritual life might still be lacking. It is also something more than the intellectual life. A man may be the finest intellectual product of the universities and still be spiritually dead. Again, spiritual life is more than moral life. The distinction between morality and spirituality is very difficult to draw out in words. A man may be a paragon of virtue, and yet lack spiritual vitality and power. In Tennyson's words, he is ' faultily faultless, splendidly null.'

Life is very difficult to define in any of its forms. I looked up the word in the dictionary, and found it defined as ' the state of living.' I then looked up the word ' live,' and found it defined as ' to have life.' That is, of course, a violation of the primary rule of definition: that you must not use in the definition the word which you are seeking to define. But life defies all our powers of definition. If you turn to the biologist, he cannot give you much help. He does not know what life is. He cannot reduce it to a chemical formula. He finds precisely the same constituents in what is called ' dead ' matter, as in living organisms. We can only say that life is a divine energy. The most learned scientist cannot take us beyond the words of the ancient writer who wrote, ' And God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.'

If physical life is so hard to define, what definitions shall we offer of the spiritual life? We must give up the attempt. But happily we do not live by definitions. We can understand and experience much which we are not able to define. Someone, writing of the impatient temper prevalent among the younger members of the working classes, has said, ' They rebel against the emptiness of their own souls. These men would have this same rebellion in their minds if they worked for only six hours a day and earned double the wages which they now receive. They are wretched because they have no inward life. They are cynical, disillusioned, embittered, because they have eyes only for the visible.' Emptiness of soul, poverty of inward life, no vision of the invisible—it is the opposite of these things that we mean when we speak of the spiritual life. ' I am come,' said

Jesus, 'that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.' 'I am come to satisfy the deep and unutterable longings of the soul.'

1. *The Spiritual Life is the life of God in the soul of man.* Jesus came, not merely to stir up and liberate in man energies that were already there, but to give new life. He does not merely impart new ideas and ideals. He imparts life. Until man finds God, he is incomplete. Man belongs to two worlds. He is born into the world of the material. He has a material body, he spends his days in material tasks, and he accumulates material possessions. But even when he has made a great success of his material life, he has not fulfilled his destiny. He belongs also to another world, and that other world demands from him the fulfilment of the obligations which he owes to it. He has needs that the material world cannot satisfy, aspirations which it cannot realize, and longings which it cannot assuage. This is why man is restless and uneasy, and in revolt against life. He may not diagnose his sickness, but he is suffering from emptiness of soul and poverty of inward life. There is some instinct which tells him that he is not realizing himself. One side of his nature is undeveloped. He toils hard from morning till evening, and returns from his labour to his house in a mean street. What does it profit him, even though he draw big wages? What end does it serve? There are longings within him that are not assuaged. His heart is restless. He cries out bitterly that this is not life. If he could feel that he was realizing his inmost self, that his latent powers had room to grow, he would be confident that there was that within him which would triumph over toil and hardship. But if, at the end of it all, his soul is still 'cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd,' what does it profit?

There are those who imagine that the social problem will be solved by a juster distribution of wealth. No doubt that will be one factor in the solution. But if you raise wages all round and make it possible for all classes to reach a higher standard of living, will you end social unrest? The problem is far too complex and profound to be solved in that manner. What the people are crying out for, often unconsciously, is life. All the peoples of the world are in travail. Consciously or unconsciously their souls are crying out for deliverance. Man is akin to God, and our hearts cry out for the living God. This is not mere poetry, it is a hard and stubborn fact. The genuine atheist is very hard to discover. All men believe in some kind

of God. When a man, who believed himself to be an atheist, argued with Napoleon, the latter pointed to the stars and said, 'Who made those?' It is a simple reply, but sufficient—God is a reality, and we are akin to Him. If we did not possess some qualities in common with Him we could not know Him, even if we found Him. And when we find Him and begin to know Him, we discover the great truth that man's life finds its completion in God Look at that stream which flows through the highland glen. Where is its source? In the heavens. See it in time of drought, and what a narrow, trickling stream it is. But see it after the rains, when the pools are deep and the cascades are foaming white and the current is strong, and it is then that you see it in all its beauty and glory. The stream only attains to the perfection of its being when it receives the gifts of heaven.

And is not this a parable? What a narrow, trickly stream our life is when it depends on the water that flows from merely earthly sources. It lacks depth, strength, and beauty. But when the life of God pours into it, it overflows its banks, and we are partakers of a full and abundant life.

2. *The Spiritual Life is a transforming Power.* Life is the power that transforms environment. What a bleak and dreary place this world would be, if there were no life upon it. It does not need a very powerful imagination to conceive of the transformation that was wrought when life first appeared upon this planet. The barren wilderness became a garden, and the deathlike silences were broken by the sounds of life calling to life. And as life advanced from stage to stage, so did it accomplish ever greater miracles of transformation. The higher and deeper and fuller the life, the more wonderful the changes which it has wrought in the world.

The Spiritual Life, because it is the life of God in the soul, is the highest kind of life, and therefore the mightiest transforming power. The pursuit of the material and intellectual divides men. How men are separated by conflicting desires and ambitions, which centre round material things! How they divide into schools and parties according to their intellectual opinions! But the Spiritual Life unifies men in a unity that transcends all differences. The only way to conquer selfishness and sin is to make all men partakers of the full and abundant life which Christ offers us. The flowers that bloom in the social garden are like all other flowers, the product of life. If we grow weeds rather than flowers, it is because of the poverty of

our Spiritual Life. ' More life and fuller '—and the social garden will grow the beautiful flowers of the Spirit.

One day when I was among the hills of Perthshire, it seemed as though the heavens were kissing the earth. The clouds cast a diaphanous mantle around the mountains, and across the side of a hill (not high up in the heavens) I saw a wondrous rainbow. And the thought came to me that it is when heaven and earth meet, so that there seems no gulf between them, it is then that we see the rainbow, the emblem of hope, shining in this dark world. When we see Jesus, we see the heavens kissing and enfolding the mountains. We see the waters of heaven distil upon the arid earth. We see the seen and unseen worlds lose and merge themselves in one another. We see this world transfigured by the light of heaven. We see a rainbow, which casts its radiant colours across the common walks and dark problems of life, and we know that there is hope for the world.

## The Friendship of Jesus

Let us, then, begin with the intimate human friendship. Our friendship with Jesus presents difficulty largely because that friendship is with an unseen person, and ordinary methods of inter-communication do not pertain. This difficulty begins to vanish when we realize that an intimate human friendship is, in a real sense, friendship with an unseen person, and the ways of communicating through eye and ear and hand, are not the most intimate ways. What does this mean? It means that if a friendship really is intimate between man and man, or man and woman, that part of it which is a kind of exchange between two seen persons is as nothing compared with the same interchange between their deeper selves. . . . The friendship of Jesus with men on ordinary levels, in the days of His flesh, was necessary to establish the fact of the reality of the friendship of God; but when Jesus had schooled them, as He did in the appearances after the Resurrection, beyond the need of ear and eye and hand, then continual ' appearances ' became unnecessary, for He could do as much, and more, for them unseen. And this is true to-day. If Jesus constantly appeared to us now, not only, I am afraid, should we be incredulous, but we should tend to think of the friendship as existing on the shallower levels of intercourse, whereas, as we have seen, the deepest friendships of all are those which function in the unseen parts of the personalities; and God, unseen, inaudible, and intangible, *and only so,* can enter into His own secret dwelling within us of which He alone has the key. We must cease then, to think of our friendship with Jesus in the terms of mere acquaintanceships, for He comes to us below the levels plumbed by our most intimate friends.—*Leslie D. Weatherhead.*

# Wesley and the Press-Gangs

By Major T. J. EDWARDS

WESLEY had much experience of the eighteenth-century press-gangs, and though they were on the whole troublesome to him, they sometimes proved a means for the extension of his work among the troops, particularly those on campaigns abroad.

The ' practice of impressment ' had its origin in recruiting for the Navy. The original ' press-gang ' was a force of blue-jackets under the command of an officer, authorized to seize men for compulsory service on board men-of-war. Pressing men for service in the Army was resorted to at a much later date than in the case of the Navy. For extending the system to the land forces statutory powers were granted, but in the days of George II, these powers were disgracefully abused by some local magistrates and commissioners to extirpate the Methodist preachers and people.

The effect of the work of the press-gangs among Wesley's people may be gathered from the following entry:

> Sun. July 10, 1757.—I preached at seven. . . . William Manuel was pressed for a soldier, so the people go to church and sacrament as before.

This incident took place at ' a little village called Normanby ' and the following official document is said to be in the hands of a local solicitor:

> Dec. 18, 1756.
>
> I acknowledge to have received from the hands of the Commissioners of the Land Tax for the Liberty of Whitly Strand in the North Riding of Yorkshire, who are likewise Commissioners for putting in execution an Act instituted for the speedy and effectual recruiting of His Majesty's Land Forces and Marines, John Gilbert, William Petts, and James Plane, alias Daniel, who were pressed by the Constable according to the directions of the Land Act, I say received by me the day and year above.
>
> ISA ANTROBUS,
> Lieut. in Major-General Bolland's
> 11th Regt. of Foot.
>
> Dec. 24, 1756.
>
> I acknowledge to have received this day from the hands of the above Commissioners the persons hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, William Thompson, and William

> Manuel, pursuant to the directions of the above-mentioned Act. Witness to my hand the day and year above.
>
> ISA ANTROBUS.

This document is interesting in that it sets out the exact terms of the authority for impressing men.

A naval press-gang was not so successful as that which took 'William Manuel,' according to an entry in the *Journal* under date 'Wed. July 4, 1759':

> In the evening I began near Stockton market-place as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a lieutenant from a man-of-war, who had chosen that time to bring his press-gang, and ordered them to take Joseph Jones and William Alwood. Joseph Jones telling him, 'Sir I belong to Mr. Wesley,' after a few words he let him go, as he did likewise William Alwood after a few hours, understanding he was a licensed preacher. He likewise seized upon a young man of the town; but the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men that they ran away with all speed.

Wesley's opinion of the press-gangs may be judged from the following entry:

> Sun. July 22, 1739.—In the middle of the sermon the press-gang came, and seized on one of the hearers (ye learned in the law, what becomes of Magna Charta, and of English liberty and property? Are not these mere sounds, while, on any pretence, there is such a thing as a press-gang suffered in the land?).

On one occasion Wesley himself was nearly impressed. He was preaching at Gwennap when a Mr. Francis Beauchamp, Sheriff of Cornwall, 'lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, "Seize him, seize him, I say, seize the preacher for His Majesty's service." But no one stirring he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my cassock, crying "I take you to serve His Majesty."' They walked away for about three-quarters of a mile, when the Sheriff's attitude changed, and he invited Wesley to come to his house.

There are many references to the activities of the press-gangs throughout Wesley's *Journal*, but the above extracts indicate their general procedure and effect. Closely allied to

press-gangs was the custom of sentencing men to serve in the land forces. Wesley records some instances:

> Fri. May 11, 1744.—In the afternoon I rode to Epworth, and immediately went to Mr. Maw's, to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. Downes[1] and his honest and open testimony for the truth before the worshipful Bench at Kirton. It was not his fault that those 'honourable men'[2] regarded not the laws either of God or the King. But a soldier they resolved he should be, right or wrong—*because* he was a preacher. So, to make all sure, they sent him away—a prisoner to Lincoln jail.
>
> Mon. June 11, 1744.—I left Newcastle, and in the afternoon met John Nelson, at Durham, with Thomas Beard; another quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn away from his trade, and wife and children, and sent away as a soldier; that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance.

Beard wrote to Wesley soon after being impressed and the following are some interesting points from his letter:

> I was pressed in Yorkshire for preaching, and so sent for a soldier. . . . I have lately been on a command in Scotland, and met with many that inquired concerning you. I preached at Cowdingham. . . . Many thought it strange to see a man in a red coat preach. I beg you would write to me in General Blakeney's regiment of foot in Captain Dunlop's Company.

A few days later, i.e., on June 19, 1745, Wesley heard that another of his preachers had been arrested, Mr. Maxfield, and was to be brought before the bench 'to be examined whether "he and others" were proper persons to serve His Majesty in the land service.' He adds later, 'But that was all one; they were called Methodists; therefore soldiers they must be.'

[1] Who had been arrested for preaching.

[2] Perhaps a reminiscence of Antony's ironical use of the phrase in reference to the assassins of Caesar.

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Deep down in our inmost souls, are we like Christ in character and in outlook, or are we like His mockers? In those occasional glimpses that we get of our real desires and motives and ambitions, what do we find? An assumption that, if we have power or privilege of any sort and in any degree, it is the natural, proper, sensible thing to use it for ourselves, to afford ourselves comfort and ease, relief from the burdens of life, escape from its sacrifices? Or do we find that our moral outlook and judgement are so much at one with those of Jesus, that we can say, quite naturally and without hypocrisy, 'Power and privilege are a great responsibility, a great opportunity to do something for others'?

—*Ernest G. Loosley.*

# A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

1. God is our refuge and our strength,
   in straits a present aid;
2. Therefore although the earth remove,
   we will not be afraid
3. Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
   though waters roaring make,
   And troubled be; yea, though the hills
   by swelling seas do shake.

4. A river is, whose streams do glad
   the city of our God;
   The holy place, wherein the Lord
   most high hath His abode.
5. God in the midst of her doth dwell;
   nothing shall her remove:
   The Lord to her an helper will,
   and that right early, prove.

6. The heathen rag'd tumultuously,
   the kingdoms moved were;
   The Lord God uttered His voice,
   the earth did melt for fear.
7. The Lord of Hosts upon our side
   doth constantly remain:
   The God of Jacob's our refuge,
   us safely to maintain.

8. Come, and behold what wondrous works
   have by the Lord been wrought:
   Come, see what desolations
   He on the earth hath brought.
9. Unto the ends of all the earth
   wars into peace He turns;
   The bow He breaks, the spear He cuts,
   in fire the chariot burns.

10. Be still, and know that I am God;
    among the heathen I
    Will be exalted; I on earth
    will be exalted high.
11. Our God, who is the Lord of Hosts
    is still upon our side;
    The God of Jacob our refuge
    for ever will abide.

*From the Scottish paraphrases.*

## VIII.

## THE BREAKING OF THE BOOM.

THE siege of Londonderry was an event of capital importance in our national history. Its heroic defence for Parliamentary authority against the supporters of the fugitive James II was an affair of great moment, securing to the British Isles that final deliverance from the Romanist and Stuart oppression in which the people now rejoice. Alexander Peden, the Covenanter who exercised part of his ministry in Northern Ireland, had prophesied dread and famine for the city. Within four years the fulfilment of his words had come in bitter tragedy. For three and a half months the walls were encompassed by a large army, through which it was impossible for help to come. Yet the citizens held the town, treasuring drops of water, for which men hazarded their lives. A large wooden boom had been placed by the enemy across the mouth of the harbour, and it was not until the merchant vessel *Mountjoy* had broken the boom that the needed succour was brought to the people. Before that relief came the supply of food was reduced to tallow and hides, herbs and weeds, and a little meal. The flesh they consumed was that of horses, dogs and cats, rats and mice. Fuel for burning was used up so that, though it was a time of miserable weather, warmth from fires was unavailable. Betrayers stole away from the walls. Mutineers abounded.

Nevertheless the city held out with heroic determination. The chief hero was a minister of religion, the Rev. George Walker, whose use of the Forty-sixth Psalm in encouraging his fellow-townsmen to hold firm unto the end was no small factor in the gaining their victory.

William of Orange had landed at Torbay on November 5, 1688, at the invitation, and by the aid, of the leaders of the English people. With thirteen thousand men he entered Exeter. As with one mind the country rose to the cry of 'A free Parliament and the Protestant Religion,' and welcomed him. James was allowed to escape, and he went over to France. England's attitude, however, was not shared by her sister island. The Irish leaders were prepared to give a refuge to James and to fight in his cause. Lord Tyrconnel, the Lord Deputy, gathered an army of his co-religionists, the Roman Catholics, for that purpose. He also filled all the public offices with men of the same faith. The Protestants, therefore, knowing that a storm would quickly gather, fled to the two towns of Enniskillen

and Londonderry. 'The importance of the latter as a military and naval stronghold,' says Prothero, 'was clearly recognized. In December, 1688, Antrim's regiment, described by a contemporary as "a pack of ruffians," many of "whose captains were well-known to the citizens, having lain in their jails for thefts and robberies," was sent to garrison Londonderry for King James. On the seventh of the month the soldiers were seen crossing the river and approaching the Ferry Gate of Londonderry. Acting on the impulse of the moment, a number of young men ran to the main guard, sword in hand, seized the keys, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate in the face of the soldiers. When news of this revolt, as it was called, reached Dublin, Lord Mountjoy was sent to reduce the citizens to submission. Without arms, ammunition, or provisions, Londonderry made the best terms it could. Two companies of Protestant soldiers, commanded by Colonel Lundy, himself a Protestant, were admitted as a garrison for King James. So matters rested for some three months. But on March 20, 1689, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen at Londonderry, with great joy and solemnity. The city had thrown in its fortunes with the Revolution and the Protestants against James and the Roman Catholics.'

James landed in Ireland, at Kinsale, being helped in his expedition by the King of France. Londonderry very soon became an object of his desire. On his behalf an army of about twenty-five thousand men was sent to take possession. When the small garrison there heard of it they were afraid. Colonel Lundy and some of his officers fled, escaping to the ships which lay in the harbour outside. What remained of the garrison, however, determined to hold out. The soldiers met the citizens, with the result that they agreed to offer resistance to the invaders, and from among their leaders two men were chosen to be joint governors. The one who represented the military was Major Baker, the other, representing the citizens, was the Rev. George Walker. Neither of them was experienced in warfare. Moreover, there was in the town an alarming insufficiency of weapons and ammunition. 'Without Fireworks, not so much as a Hand Granado to annoy the enemy,' one report declares. Thus seven thousand men, mainly amateurs in the desperate art of military defence, with a deplorable lack of materials, and with thirty thousand persons to feed on an estimated supply of ten days' provisions, hid behind a weak wall, repulsing the repeated attacks of the besiegers. Against

odds of more than three to one they held out, a living wall, desperate and resolute. The women rendered invaluable help. They brought up supplies of food and ammunition, and even themselves beat back one attack with stones taken up from the streets. So fierce were the sallies made by the defenders, and so crushing the repulse of the attacks made upon them, that Hamilton, who was in charge of the Jacobite army, ceased to storm the walls and contented himself with a blockade.

Walker, the minister, was the soul of the defence. Marching into his pulpit one morning, with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, he preached such a rousing sermon that a growing discouragement of the people was effectively stopped. His zeal and example inspired them to a heroic fortitude. Many died from hunger and disease, yet the survivors went bravely about their tasks. There seemed little to hope for, though on one occasion their hopes were raised with the expectation of succour. Eight weeks had passed, when lo! away in the Lough thirty ships were seen. It was the fleet sent from England under the command of Major General Kirke to relieve them. But cruel disappointment succeeded. The General brought help to their door, but left them none. Bearing succour he gave them no relief. Sent to their aid, he but looked on them and forsook them. For, observing the boom which had been placed across the river, he turned away again, having done nothing beyond sending a despatch through the lines of the enemy to the heroic minister with a promise of help to come, bidding the people at the same time to do what was all too obvious to them, namely, to husband their food carefully.

By this time Major Baker was dead, and Walker was left alone in the governorship. The brave leader never wavered. The soldiers too, their faces blackened with hunger and their strength so small that they were known to fall under the weight of their muskets, stood with unflinching courage to repel the enemy's assaults. The diary of their leader recognizes what power it was that saved them. 'There were many of us,' it says, 'that could hardly stand on our feet before the enemy attacked the walls, who when they were assaulting the out-trenches, ran out against them most nimbly and with great courage. Indeed it was never the poor, starved men that were in Derry that kept it out, but the mighty God of Jacob, to whom be praise for ever and ever.'

For a hundred days they had endured. Nearly half the gallant seven thousand had perished, and many of those who

remained were unfit for service. Then it was that the preacher-governor went into the cathedral to remind the famished people of the instances of God's Providence given to them and to assure them that God would at last deliver them from their trouble. The sermon was full of quotations from the Psalms, the whole, or nearly the whole, of the Forty-sixth being included. Thus one passage ran: 'Considering the deliverance wrought for the besieged city of Samaria as for Jerusalem by the destruction of Sennacherib's host, holy David says, to comfort himself and his people—namely, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."' And he quoted the rest of the psalm.

Surely no more appropriate words could be found. They were suited to the occasion, and it was with true intuition and a triumphant faith in God that the sermon continued: 'So that we see that God confounds strength with weakness; for when men presume too much on the arm of flesh, they frequently deceive themselves, and in the midst of their security are overthrown. Therefore let a good Christian consider that his strength is in the Lord. And if God hear his side, he need not be afraid, though danger beset him round about, but be comforted.'

The people had not long to wait before their faith and courage were amply rewarded. That very day while the hearers were still thrilling to the words of their brave leader, the succour was near. What General Kirke's thirty vessels had not attempted, a paltry three were to perform most gloriously. For at sunset the watchmen on the look-out saw the gleam of sails in the Lough far away. It was the last hope. Nine lean horses alone were left for food, plus a pint of meal for each man. Was there really hope? The ships, the three small ships, drew near. They were a frigate and two merchantmen. A favourable wind was blowing, and as it filled the sails they came towards the town. Various signals were exchanged, the garrison making it known that the remnant which was left was at its last extremity, and that if the ships did not come now they might as well stay away for ever. The ships for their part signalled that it was their intention to lose no time, but to come right on. So on they came.

Nearer and nearer they drew towards the river. Soon the frigate was engaging the guns of Hamilton and King James, the other two vessels, the *Mountjoy* and the *Phoenix*, riding meanwhile on the tide towards the boom. The *Mountjoy* was

leading, and as she came on straight and steady she made it abundantly clear that her helm was under the control of a hero. Micaiah Browning was the captain's name, a name worthy of admiration and remembrance. He set the helm straight for the barrier, both wind and tide being used to the utmost. At last, with a tremendous echoing noise, the ship struck. The boom shivered, it had cracked, it was giving way. But the ship staggered back, and reeled towards a bank of mud. There she stuck fast, a seemingly helpless prey for those who invested the town.

For a moment the wind failed. The *Phoenix,* however, was coming on, preparing to strike where her sister ship had fearlessly led the way. A shout arose from the enemy, the most dreadful sound, it was said, that was heard in Derry during the whole of the siege. As for the defenders terror was in their hearts, for the smoke was so thick from the duel of battle proceeding between the frigate and the fort that they could not see all that was happening. They feared the worst. Was the stranded vessel doomed? Was the enemy boarding her? Had the bread come to the door for the wolf to seize it there? But in their fears they had not sufficiently considered the quality of Captain Browning. With his sword drawn the undaunted skipper stood calmly there on deck, calling out his orders and 'encouraging his men with great cheerfulness.' His gunners were loading the guns. Presently they were ready to fire. The word was given, and immediately the broadside of his artillery roared out its defiance against the advancing assailants. That broadside saved the vessel; for it moved at the shock, and, being caught again by the tide, it followed *Phoenix* through the splintering, crackling boom. The cost, alas! was unspeakably great. For there at his post on deck lay the brave captain bleeding to death.

By ten o'clock that night the two vessels were moored fast to the quay. Before morning dawned the heroes of Londonderry were satisfied with bread, happy and full. Three days later the enemy was gone, and flames were devouring the tents and huts which for so many weeks the besiegers had occupied.

Lord Macaulay wrote in his *History*: 'Four generations have since passed away; and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians.' On a lofty pillar stands the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren.

# Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

## VIII. CLASS MEETING EXPERIENCES

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.—*Cowper.*

He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.—*Charles Wesley.*

NO one need fear that I am going to be led into lamenting at great length 'the good (?) old days, when Class Meetings *were* Class Meetings,' and we all 'spoke,' and to some, as one old body put it, 'They were a real mean o' grace.'

There were, and probably will be, Class Meetings, *and* Class Meetings. I have rejoiced in and endured both. 'Chacun à son gout' is a good motto.

In spite of all I may remember that was quaint, irritating, boring, or irresistibly funny to me, I don't forget that those same meetings were a real help on the dark, rough, and lonely roads trodden by many a Methodist wayfarer. They found cheer and consolation in meeting in their simple fashion which helped them to go back with renewed hope to their humdrum life and meagre existence.

It was one point against the itinerancy for us poor ministers' daughters. We had to dump ourselves down in such a variety of Class Meetings. Then after just beginning to feel really settled down, as far as in us lay, in a class of mothers and elderly sisters in Israel, off we whisked to join one in the new Circuit—'a young peoples' class—youths and maidens.' Or it would be what we irreverently called 'mixed biscuits'—'assorted' sizes and ages of men and women.

One of the most delicious tales I ever heard was one my Father told of an old woman who enlivened the Class Meeting one night by a rather exciting description of her encounter with the devil.

'Now, friends, you know these cold nights I do undress me by me kitchen fire, and say me prayers there. Then I only has to nip upstairs and into bed comfable. Well, th' other night, I were a kneelin' down a'sayin' me prayers when Satan whispered in me ear, "There's cockroaches about, Martha!" Now I

can't abide cockroaches. So I gets up and haves a good look round, but I couldn't see nary a one. So I goes down on me knees again, but I didn't get on far when Satan says again, " There's cockroaches about, Martha! " So up I gets again, and I hunts ever'where, but I couldn't find nary a one. So I kneels down again and tries to c'lect me thoughts, and was just gettin' on a bit, when Satan says again, " There's cockroaches about, Martha! " But I wouldn't tek no notice, but went on wi' me prayers. Then Satan says, " They'll be on yer in a minute, Martha! " " Then catch un! " I says, and devil he left me alone arter that! '

In my Father's first ' married ' circuit, when he took his bride to his Class Meeting, I can imagine those two avoiding each other's eyes, when they rose from their knees after this prayer, ' Oh! Lord, bless our dear sister Smith, stretched on a bed of affliction, whom Thy dust hath just seen.' They both saw the funny side of things, and delighted in telling us in later days of the quaint ways of their first ' flock.'

The North Country Class Meetings were lively ' seasons ' sometimes. There was a miner who also had realistic encounters with the devil, and appeared to be quite uplifted about it. He seemed to imagine too that my Father would feel distinctly honoured that the devil knew he had recently come to the circuit, for the ' experience given was " on this wise." ' He began in his inimitable Tyneside dialect, wagging his head from side to side, ' As I was comin' along field-path just now, there sat devil cock-a-hoop on stile.

' " Where be'st goin', Geordie? " says he.

' " I be goin' to Class Meetin'," I says. Wi' that he lets oot such a skreech, and winna let us by.

' " Dinna gang, mon," says he. " What dost want wi' Class Meetin '? Thee'd enjoy far better sittin' on the hunkers crackin' o'fitba' or whippets than listenin' to that new Super o' yourn."

' " But," I says, " Nay, I mun go. 'Tis meetin' for tickets by the new Super, and he'll be expectin' a goodish few. Let us by! " I says. Wi' that I sque-ors me fists, and I makes up to un. He gies one more foul skreech, but he sees I wor in ornest, so he flees awa. Aw hinnies! What a feeorce temptation I wor subjected to! ' He subsided with a self satisfied air. My Father listened with becoming gravity and passed on to the next brother. But the next quarter up got the same man, and in exactly the same words related the same ' feeorce temptation '

as having happened to him again that morning. It was a class held at 9-30 before the morning service.

When there was a chance my Father gently hinted that this was what he'd told them last time, and he drew the tale to a swift conclusion with the phrases they all used, ' I pray that I may be found faithful to the end, and I beg an interest in your prayers.'

One of my chief memories of Class Meetings recalls to my mind a bare room colourwashed salmon-pink with a scriggly, stencilled design in chocolate colour. This colour-scheme and pea-green in varying shades seem specially beloved by Methodists. Both are horrible with the usual gingerbread-colour pitch-pine pews of our chapels; but that is by the way.

In this vestry there was a wooden seat all round the walls, giving very precarious seating accommodation, for it slanted downwards slightly, and it needed a distinct effort to keep on the seat and not subside in an ungraceful heap on the coco-nut matting on the floor. A stove, with a black pipe going out through the wall, was in the middle of the room, and woe betide me if I sat too close. Suffice it to say that I sympathized with turkeys in a hot oven and, as this was about twenty years ago, never a speck of face powder shocked the susceptibilities of the faithful—so I was not even floured ready for cooking.

The first night I went to that class was one of those chilly, wet, September evenings which make one regret the summer, and think with shudders of the many times one would paddle through autumn and winter rain to the various church meetings. I went feeling lonely and forlorn, longing for friends in the old circuit, and sorry for myself as a stranger in a strange land. But the warm-hearted welcome and the same Methodist atmosphere as in the old circuit cheered and comforted me. Mrs. Tucker, the leader, introduced me as ' Sister Hope,' and said how glad they were to welcome me. One old dear next to me, whispered, ' You'll likely hearten us up a bit, dearie. We do get turrible dullish sometimes.'

Mrs. Tucker gave us what she called ' a little talk to direct our thoughts.' It was full of the bracing influence of a cheery soul who realized difficulties and troubles but meant to meet them with a brave face and firm trust in the goodness of God. A rather mournful old dear took up the subject next. She seemed to be of the type who find comfort in drawing gloomy pictures of what might have been. She began, ' As our dear respecked leader 'as so truly said, we must be thankful for where we are

and for what we are. We might ha' been worldlings, we might ha' cared for none o' these things, we might ha' been doin' the devil's work, we might ha' been goin' about seekin' whom we might devour.' Just at this point Mrs. Tucker moved her chair and arranged her books in a more orderly pile, perhaps trying to hint that she'd said nothing of the sort. I found out that it was Mrs. Southern's way to preface all her remarks in class with ' As our dear respecked leader 'as so truly said.' She was evidently wound up to go on the ' might ha' been ' line for, after enumerating various lurid things, ' we might ha' been doin',' she ended with ' We might ha' been cuttin' ourselves wi' stones and such-like rubbishy things, but thank the dear Lord, we are clothed and in our right minds.'

Mrs. Tucker deftly turned our thoughts back to her real subject, and several spoke of matters too sacred to record here. We had one more mournful mother's experience before we closed. Her great expression was, ' Time was when I could do so and so.' ' Time was when our chapel used ter be nigh full. Time was when the prayer meetin's was attended by youths and maidens,' &c., &c., *ad lib.*

That little vestry became very dear to me before the close of the three years, in spite of the crude colouring, shabby matting, and dilapidated chairs and form. A few faded photographs in ' Oxford ' frames adorned the walls. These were ancient groups taken at various Church and Sunday school ' outings ' and Guild rambles. I used to try and see if I could recognize some of the present flock in the days of their youth.

# Gain through Loss

By T. A. LINDSAY

What though the storm-swept blossom strews the ground?
'Twas not in vain it hung upon the bough:
The lover saw, and he remembers now
The secret trysting-place all colour-crowned;
Or, when the sculptor sees the image bound
Within its marble prison, thinkest thou
The flying fragments wasted? not allow
The loss redeemed by loveliness new-found
E'en so, the flowers of Faith and Love may fade,
And all their tender grace may be forgot;
Yet evermore abides their fragrance sweet.
So too, the man whose hope on God is stayed,
Is blest: each blow that mars his earthly lot
Re-shapes his soul in beauty more complete.

# Diary of Rev. John Waterhouse

'The Methodist Bishop of the South Seas' went out to his vast diocese in 1839. He had laboured nearly thirty years in the English ministry and was, Dr. Findlay says, 'distinguished by popular gifts, by breadth of mind, and fervour of spirit, combined with a large measure of business ability and brotherly tact.' He died in 1842 after three years oversight of the work in Tonga, Fiji, and Australia itself, which is still bearing fruit. This diary shows the making of the man.

*A passing glance at an unprofitable life, written as a memento of the goodness of God.*—1 *Tim.* i. 15.

I, JOHN WATERHOUSE, having by the kind providence of God arrived at Van Diemen's Land as Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in the South Seas, feel it on my mind to write some of the circumstances connected with my unprofitable life, interspersing a few particulars as they were committed to paper at the time.

***Early Life at Rawdon.***

I was born at Rawdon, near Leeds, in the year 1789. My father was a farmer and woollen cloth manufacturer. He and my mother were members of the Established Church, and habituated their children when young to attend regularly the services of the village church on the Sundays morning and afternoon, the evenings generally being spent under the domestic roof in reading the Word of God and singing psalms and hymns.

When about ten years of age, while the family were spending their Sunday evenings as beforenamed, my mind was deeply impressed with divine things, the Holy Spirit convinced me of my sin and danger, a flood of tears gushed from my eyes, and my mind was distressed to agony. No hope presented itself but through the death of Christ; and, not knowing how to obtain that aid, my mind became almost inconsolable. Our clergyman, the Rev. John Crowther, was sent for, who instructed me in the way of salvation and commended me to the mercy of God by prayer. My mind was a little calmed, and from that period I had something of the fear of the Lord before my eyes.

About two years after this my father was induced to go and hear the Rev. John Grant, a Methodist minister of considerable talent, by whose ministry he obtained clearer views of the universal atonement made by our Lord Jesus Christ for the sins of the whole world and the doctrine of justification by grace

through faith. This issued in his joining the Methodist Society. About this time the Rev. Richard Reece, being stationed in the Leeds Circuit, accepted an invitation to preach at my father's house, at which time my eldest sister and another female were brought to a knowledge of the truth, which affected me not a little, more especially as Mr. Reece made pointed allusion to me in prayer. But, although the subject of divine and deep impressions, I did not surrender my heart fully to God till about February, 1803. I had been to the Methodist Chapel at Yeadon about a mile and a half from my native village; and my father never allowing his children to be from under his eye, in going to and fro, I was tempted to think it a yoke not to be borne, and seeing some boys in a field at play determined to join them. No sooner had I done this than they hailed me welcome with an oath; and, to convince them I was as heartily glad as they were, I swore also—a thing I had never done before.

***His Conversion.***

Night drawing on, and ' evil communications having corrupted good manners,' I began to think of my doings and my father's frown when I reached home; but I determined parental authority should not awe me. On reaching home my father with a stern look and commanding voice asked where I had been and what I had been doing. My answer was such as secured the pledge from my father of a flogging on the morrow.

In the evening, however, he summoned his family together and requested us all to accompany him to the prayer-meeting. I went; but my heart was hard and unfeeling. At length my father engaged in prayer, and especially prayed for his children, at which time the Holy Ghost searched the inmost of my mind, and I was so powerfully awakened to a sense of my danger that I cried, yea, even roared, from the disquietude of my mind; and when they rose to sing, I remained prostrate in body and spirit, suffering the deepest mental anguish. They pointed me to Christ, and prayed with me until at length I was enabled to say:

> Yea, I yield, I yield at last,
> Listen to the speaking blood,
> Me with all my sins I cast
> On my atoning Lord.

And immediately I found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. From that time I became a member of the Methodist Society.

My early life was marked with great uniformity of character, and as I knew God and enjoyed His presence, my study was to adorn the doctrine of Christ our Saviour. I walked in the unclouded light of His countenance, having at all times unforbidden access to the fountain of living water, until a train of unprofitable reasoning brought me into heaviness. The occasion of it was the friends wished me to assist them in their public prayer-meetings; but a painful sense of my unfitness and unworthiness prevented me complying with their request. At length, however, the snare was broken and I pursued my way, assisting them according to my ability.

My father having sustained great losses during the American War, and being a man of unbending principle, he had for some years to struggle hard to meet the pecuniary obligations under which he had voluntarily placed himself; and to assist him in this I wrought hard, which, in connexion with my having no one to guide me in the way of mental improvement, placed me in unfavourable circumstances. I did, however, as well as I could.

***First Preaching Efforts.***

When about nineteen years of age I was by a strong impulse in my own mind and the pressing request of friends induced to give a word of exhortation. Shortly after this I was pressed in spirit to preach, and after much mental anguish on the subject I ventured to make some observations on Isaiah xli. 10. Afterwards my mind was much harassed; but the senior members of the Church encouraged me, and in a short time the superintendent preacher being satisfied of my call to the work, recommended me to the Local Preachers' meeting, and my name was put on the plan as a probationer.

Having entered on a new sphere of action, my trials and temptations increased; but my consolation abounded also. Nevertheless, I was in considerable danger, being young and rather fluent in speech when preaching to a warm-hearted people who were ready to use flattering words; but an awful sense of my incompetency for the work tended to preserve me. In August, 1809, to my great surprise, I received a printed copy of the Stations, informing me I was put down to the Alnwick Circuit, and must be examined by the superintendents immediately, that if possible I might reach my Circuit by the end of the month. This new and unexpected state of things exercised my mind not a little; but I durst not refuse. Consequently I met the Revs. Jonathan Crowther, J. Sutcliffe, and James Needham, who examined me in the public

congregation in Bingley Chapel. But such was my confusion that I never could form an idea of the manner in which I passed that examination; but it was satisfactory to the ministers, and I was directed to proceed to my appointment immediately. Accordingly I prepared for my journey, and entered on my work with fear and trembling. My colleagues Messrs. Welborne and Garbutt, were agreeable men, with whom I laboured in great harmony.

***His First Circuit.***

Alnwick Circuit at that time embraced Blythe, Plany, Newport, Berwick-on-Tweed and Duns in Scotland, with a variety of small places. Soon after my arrival in the Circuit, I preached at Camons, near Blythe, in a small cottage, and after preaching met the class, and expressed a wish that any serious-disposed person not in Society would stay. Two interesting young females stayed; to whom, after speaking on the state of their minds, I asked if they were disposed to unite with us. They said, 'It was a matter which required grave consideration.' I approved the sentiment, and said, 'There is, however, one subject which required immediate attention, and that is an act of personal dedication to God. No time must be lost in this business.' I was led particularly to speak on the shortness of human life, and then we parted. Next morning about four o'clock I was awakened by a mournful voice calling on my host. 'Andrew, Andrew!' The exclamation was, 'What is the matter?' He answered, 'I have lost my two daughters.' The day dawned, and they were sought for, when one was found buried in the sand except one foot. It appeared, on their return home, they took a lantern on the sand that their father, who had been at sea, might see how to bring his boat to anchor, when the tide encompassed them; and it is supposed they went the wrong way and were drowned. I went to Morpeth greatly impressed with the event, and preached from 'Set thine house in order,' and narrated the event, when a family fell in their pew as soon as I gave the names. It appeared these young women had been learning the dressmaking business with the family above-mentioned, and had just gone home, having completed their time of service. How unspeakable are Thy judgements, O Lord God, and Thy ways past finding out!

At Alnwick I received lasting good from a singular circumstance. I had frequently preached with great discouragement afterwards until one day, when I had finished my sermon, I thought, 'I have done well, they will be pleased now.' Next day I called on one of our most respectable and

intelligent hearers, who said, ' Mr. Waterhouse, I have heard you with an unmixed pleasure since you came into the circuit, till yesterday, and I really hope you will preach that sermon no more.' His advice was taken, and a lasting profit derived from it. At Berwick-on-Tweed I laboured hard and with encouraging acceptance among the people, using all possible means to improve my mind. One morning I went to bathe, and was just learning to swim, when (riding on a wave) a sleepiness came over me, and I should have been drowned had not an over-reaching Providence commissioned the billows to bear me to the shore. In reviewing this year, what cause for thankfulness —what cause, also, for deep humiliation before God on account of my unfaithfulness! The Lord pardon Thy servant in this thing.

At the Conference of 1810 I was appointed to the North Shields Circuit with Messrs. D. Isaac and Dr. Taft. Here I found everything desirable in colleagues. Mr. Isaac was as a father, and gave me access to his library and studied my health and happiness. I met with an affectionate people who received the word with gladness, and our mutual labours were owned of God. Christ was precious while preaching the doctrines of Christianity, and we saw and felt a revival of religion, and many young people were brought to God. During this year my attention was directed to Miss Skipsey. I consulted my colleague, Dr. Taft, on the propriety of paying my addresses to her, more especially as he had known her a year longer than myself. He assured me that such a choice would be to my comfort. My intentions were accordingly carried into effect, and I commenced that acquaintance which resulted in a happy union.

In 1811 I was, at the request of the Circuit, returned to them again with Messrs. Isaac and W. Naylor,

> When we were of one heart and soul,
> And only love inspired the whole.

***Dealing with a Colliers' Strike.***

This also was a year of great peace, and harmony.

During the former year we had what was called the ' Pitmans' Strike '—*i.e.* the colliers stood out for wages to the number of eleven thousand connected with the collieries in the neighbourhood of the Tyne and Wear. These men had committed themselves by oath not to work without their demands were universally met. This illegal conspiracy we determined if possible to break, and under the advice of a man eminent in law, we entered on our

work to prevail if possible on our members to abjure their oaths. For this purpose Dr. Taft and myself went to Percymain, and having met the Society, we desired all who had taken the oath and wished to remain in church fellowship with us to accompany us to the parties who had administered the oath. Three or four of them did so. We went to the house of the man who had administered the oath, and found several of the committee with him. Immediately we entered the house they locked the door. I saw their movements, and at once our friends said, ' I abjure the oath in the presence of these witnesses.' The brother of one of them, who was a member of the committee, said to his relative, ' I will wash my hands in your blood to-night.' Supposing our part of the business to be done, Dr. Taft said, ' Now we will return home.' But finding the door locked, he put on a commanding look and with an authoritive tone said, ' Who has locked this door? ' A man answered roughly. The doctor said, ' Open it.' He replied, ' You came in for your own pleasure, and you shall go out for ours.' The doctor demanded his name with pencil and paper in hand. The man gave it, and said coolly, ' Write it down, sir.' The doctor then threatened to break the door open, when they dared him to move. He then turned pale, and begged for his wife's sake they would let him go; but the lions roared tremendously, and nothing short of a night's lodging presented itself. I said calmly, ' Well, doctor, never mind; I have a hymn-book, and we can have a prayer-meeting all night.' They cried, ' Let them out, let them out, we want none of their prayers,' and we returned home unhurt.

Notwithstanding these things, our increase to the society this year was considerable, and no weapon formed against us was allowed to prosper.

I was one day on the coach near Newcastle-on-Tyne, when some drunken butchers returned from Morpeth were swearing in a way I had never heard. At last I said, ' Gentlemen, will you allow me a favour as a fellow passenger? ' They exclaimed unitedly, ' Oh, yes, certainly, certainly! ' I said, ' It is simply this, that I may be allowed to swear the next oath.' They exclaimed, ' Certainly, certainly.' The coachman drove on, and all were silent. At last one of them said with an oath, ' Swear, I can hold out no longer.' ' No,' I said, ' you all agreed I should swear the next oath.' He said, ' You are a Methodist and will never swear.' The men, however, said they were bound by honour not to swear while I was with them; and when I left they thanked me, hoping they should profit by it.

# The Day's Reckoning

By JOHN CARTER

THE common measure of a day is from morning to evening. In the Book of Genesis we read that 'the evening and the morning were the first day.' This is not a quibble; it involves a principle. The order of the first day should govern all the days. Begin with morning and you end with evening, that is, with weariness and night, a sleep and a forgetting. Begin with evening and you finish your day with the freshness, vigour, and light of morning. That is the measure of the day God has designed for His children. Not one that ends in exhaustion and darkness, but in brightness, confidence, strength. Adopt His reckoning and you will always have light ahead; the best is yet to be.

*This is His own measure of the days of Creation.* 'The earth was waste and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep: and God said, Let there be light; and there was light. And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, one day.' Each successive day of creation is summed up in the same formula, and the significance of this is that the best comes last. God always works upward; chaos to order, death to life. There may be many alternations of light and dark, action and reaction, but His work never ends in disorder, His day never sinks into final darkness. 'The evening and the morning' were the first day,' and the sixth day, and the eternal day.

*This also is the measure of the Day of Redemption.* Evening to morning, bondage to freedom, sin to holiness. The spiritual night of man was denser and more dreadful than the physical darkness that enshrouded the primeval earth. 'Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people.' The light of innocence had become darkness, and how great was that darkness! The night of sin is full of evil shapes, threatening perils, guilty fears, the darkness of the second death. And the night was long: there is no light in sin, no hope in evil-doing.

But divine love is deeper than human sin. At its very midnight there shone from the heart of God the glimmer of a new light, the light of redemption, and at last, after long night, the people that walked in darkness saw a great light: upon them that dwelt in darkness the light shined, for, 'through the tender mercy of our God the Dayspring from on high visited

us,' 'bringing light and immortality to light by His Gospel.' He came into our darkness, shared its burden, felt its dread, suffered its sting in death, and then 'very early in the morning the first day of the week,' He rose from the grave and opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. 'And the evening and the morning' were the first day of the accomplished redemption of our race. Thus once more God worked upwards. Taking occasion by man's sin, He brought good out of evil, love out of rebellion, heaven out of hell.

'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem!

*The day of the Soul's Salvation follows the same order.* It begins with evening, 'between the lights,' for the shadow of sin haunts us from our birth as part of our common heritage, but the light of grace is also here, for we are all heirs of the grace of God and every soul must make its own choice of good or evil. The light is for all who will follow the gleam. To those who make choice early, the transition from evening to morning is almost imperceptible, like the long twilight of a northern evening which easily passes into the early twilight of dawn without any dark night between. At evening-time it is light.

But, alas, the mystery of darkness successfully beckons some and their 'gloaming deepens into mirk.' They become children of the night, loving darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, and unless they repent their night will sink into 'the outer darkness.' What an awful tragedy is compressed into that sentence which follows the exit of Judas from the upper room to do his deed of shame: 'And it was night!' It was the death knell of a soul which had turned its back upon the light and for whom the evening held no promise of the morning. But through all the shadows of sin, even the deepest of them, whosoever will may hear the voice of divine mercy: 'Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee.' We were not made to be sons of ignorance and night but sons of the morning. Happy those who hear and obey the call of their destiny.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

*This, too, is the order of life's day of discipline.* Creation

reached perfection through successive evenings and mornings, and the re-creation of character in the image of God required many days of alternate shadow and light. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' and every soul has its nights of sorrow, doubt, and suffering. But these are evolutionary stages working upward to a richer, wider experience of the manifold grace of God, and as surely as we have our evenings they will be followed by morning. We need to get God's way of reckoning into our lives, for it contains the secret of peace and hope. It does not come easily to those whose habit and infirmity are to measure from morning to evening, always looking back to the morning as something gone, counting our losses, disparaging the present by the past. All this tends to depression and repining. The night of adversity brings with it a sense of finality; it overwhelms, oppresses, paralyses us. We feel as if the end had come, an ignominious end. Our loss cannot be recovered, our wrong cannot be righted, our wounded spirit cannot be healed: youth is gone, hard-won successes have slipped through our fingers like sand, and there is no taking hold again. It is night!

But God never yet ended a day with night or a year with winter. It is our faulty way of reckoning that lands us in despair. The crown of the year is the golden grain and ruddy fruit of autumn. The crown of the day is the radiant morning, full of hope and new adventure. Do not think, therefore, to balance God's dealings with you at night. Wait till morning and so give Him time to complete His work in your favour. Judge nothing before the time. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

Evening and Morning. *This is also a summary of our earthly life as a whole.* Following the reckoning of men we speak of childhood as dawn, manhood as noon, age as evening, and the grave as night. This is not God's way. All our earthly life is an evening in which we see darkly, walking by faith, not by sight, but the dimness of our mortal life does not deepen into night. The valley of the shadow of death is illumined from the further end. The Christian's grave is not a dead end, a *cul de sac,* but a short tunnel beyond which is the glory-land and the Celestial City; and there is no night there, but 'sacred, high, eternal noon.'

Evening and morning: one day. The evening then is an integral part of the day as truly as the morning and all that comes between belongs to the day of God. There may be a very, very dark night between, when neither moon nor stars appear,

but if it is of His making it is doing His will and working for our good. 'The day is Thine; the night also is Thine. Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.' God needs no night for His holiness can endure the eternal light, but we need the night to free us from the tyranny of the seen lest it should divert us from the unseen realities which are eternal. Night is one of God's most beneficent gifts, the brooding-mother of many mercies. We only realize how precious it is by the fruits which ripen fast in the morning. 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, but afterward——!'

Evening and morning: one day. The two together are called by the name given to the light alone, for when God divided the light from the darkness, He called the light 'day.' We are to estimate the day by its predominating quality, its highest results, its final form. Thus the glory of the morning casts its light backward upon the clouds of night, making them radiant with the beauty of the Lord, and we see that they were not solid darkness as we thought and felt, but the protecting shadow of God's presence brooding over us. The night is but the veil of a divine light, too strong for our weak eyes to bear, and the Light Himself is as near us in the night as in the morning.

Evening and morning. The morning comes last, and, as Bunyan says: 'that which is last, lasts for ever.' The first must yield to the second, the second to the third, and so on; but nothing comes after the last, and the last is Morning! That is the crown of our being, perpetual youth, increasing strength, enlarging knowledge, boundless outlook; Morning! Thy sun shall no more go down, for the light of the better life resteth at noon.

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## 'THE HEBREW CHRISTIAN'

This is the first number of a new magazine issued by the International Hebrew Christian Alliance, of which Sir Leon Levison is President. Its aim is to interpret the real soul of the Jew to the Christian public, and to describe some of the beautiful thoughts in Jewish literature. 'We shall seek not merely to justify the missionary movements of the Church of Christ among the Jewish people, but try to help them and seek to win their help. We shall endeavour to demonstrate to Jews and Christians alike that our deepest Christian convictions and belief in Christ do not in any way interfere with our loyalty and affection for the race to which we belong.' It is a very valuable and deeply interesting magazine, and one full of promise.

# Lady Bretton Commands

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

LADY LAVERDY, who had been at Biarritz for a month with old Lady Bretton, whose health had been failing, rejoiced greatly that she was to be once more at Farley Manor with her husband. She and her husband were, as she herself expressed it, ridiculously in love with one another. They were really never happy apart. Even the four days a week which Sir John spent at his Chelsea studio, immortalizing people on canvas, were resented by this husband and wife after their childish fashion. Both knew, that if Nellie accompanied her John to the studio work would suffer. So, the four days in each week had to be endured somehow.

When poor old Lady Bretton begged ' her dear Nellie ' to go to Biarritz with her for a whole month, because she felt ill, and wanted a dear friend with her, Lady Laverdy could not refuse. But, to her, it was something like a tragedy to be away four weeks from her John. Still, she loved old Lady Bretton, whom she had known during the whole of her own much shorter life. Lady Bretton had ' mothered ' her in her schooldays, when her own mother had become a confirmed invalid. If at times the old lady had wielded ' a rod of iron,' being convinced that the high-spirited, fun-loving, reckless girl needed suppressing, still, she had given Nellie a genuine mother-love. Lady Bretton had been immensely relieved when this ' never-know-what-she-will-do-next ' girl, had made a wholly desirable love-match with Sir John Laverdy, the famous portrait-painter—a man she not only liked, but respected.

Now Nellie was bringing Lady Bretton back with her to Farley Manor, much restored to health. She felt angry with herself that she was vexed to think she could not have her John all to herself. A third—albeit a dear third—in their lovely *ménage,* she did not want. Also, as she remarked to John on the first evening at the manor, ' I really don't know how long the old dear will stay! '

She was with him in her pretty boudoir, dressed ready for dinner when she said this. They were sitting on a couch ' holding hands ' like children. He watched the colour come and go on her cheeks. He noted as an artist the perfect lines of her piquant face. But as a lover he noted the tender light in her eyes.

'Don't be selfish and grasping,' he chided, while he drew her bright head on to his shoulder. 'We are going to give the old dear a good time for as long as she likes.'

'I'm a bit of a pig!' she pronounced with a glance that said, 'contradict me!'

'You are a kitten; you always have been a kitten; you always will be a kitten!' he affirmed.

'Until I turn into a spiteful old cat,' she rejoined. 'Women do, you know—even quite nice ones, sometimes!'

'I have encountered a few,' he made answer. 'Women don't really like being painted as they are—even on canvas. I have more than once suffered in consequence of painting the truth.'

'And there is the gong, John, and a nice little time together is over.'

During dinner, old Lady Bretton, looking very sweet in a small white lace mantilla, which lay delicately on her white hair, seemed a trifle preoccupied. As she plied her knife and fork, the jewels upon her wrinkled hands sparkled. These old family rings she always wore, as if they were a part of her. They were, in a way, for they were part of a great family tradition. The pride of race was strong in this old lady, whose son had married her personal maid, Marie—otherwise Anna Maria, daughter of old Target, the Farley grocer. The marriage had at first nearly wrecked her son, for Marie out of some heroic but foolish delusion, had attempted to free the man she loved, by pretending that she had died in that foreign town where her husband had put her to school that she might not be handicapped by lack of education. Circumstances had arisen which had compelled Marie to come forward and confess the fraud. This had led to a most happy reunion of husband and wife; also to the acceptance of this daughter-in-law on the part of her husband's proud mother. The young couple had travelled much after this reunion and Marie, the erstwhile lady's maid, had polished in a way which amazed her mother-in-law.

Yet, up to now, Apedale Hall, the family seat, had remained in the hands of caretakers. Sir Cecil and his wife had never come into residence. Old Lady Bretton had left it when she became a widow, and had taken a small manor house in its near neighbourhood. Apedale was too full of memories. At Apedale Hall, Cecil had met Marie, and had fallen in love with her. But it was long before the mother knew that her son had secretly married her maid.

On this particular evening, old Lady Bretton was debating

within herself whether she should break down the barrier of reserve and open her heart to John and Nellie. She had a problem which she had long been trying to solve alone; a problem in which pride and conscience battled within her. She wanted advice. She wanted sympathy. But as she ate her dinner in the light of shaded wax candles, she was conscious that no advice which clashed with her own sense of right would move her. She knew that pride had got to go under. Her own family had been for many generations something that counts. It was an older and more important family than that of her husband. Something had arisen which complicated matters. Marie had a son. This son, now five years old, was being brought up in San Sebastian, where his parents had a villa.

In the gold-chain reticule which lay in the old lady's lap, was a letter she had received from Marie. She had brought it down with her, in case she should decide to confide its contents to John and Nellie after dinner.

'I wonder if you two dear children will let me bore you a little this evening?' she asked tentatively when all three were seated in the low-ceilinged drawing-room, after coffee had been served.

'You can't bore us if you try!' Sir John told her gallantly. 'Besides, I'm going to do anything you wish, because I want myself to beg a favour.'

'What is that?' she asked curiously.

'I want to paint your portrait—and in that gown.'

A pleased flicker of a smile passed over her patrician face.

'I think it nice of you to want to paint me,' she answered. 'Also, I know it would delight Cecil. He still harbours delusions about his mother.'

'He just adores you,' said Nellie, possessing herself of one beringed wrinkled hand, which lay between them on the old-fashioned sofa, adding—'we all do, you know!'

Lady Bretton kissed the younger woman's glowing cheek.

'It is very sweet to be made much of when one is old,' she said, 'and you and your John have made life much sweeter for me. Suppose I begin now to tell you what is worrying me. I have had a letter from Marie. I will read it to you. She writes from San Sebastian. I may say that I feel it is quite time that she and Cecil went into residence at Apedale Hall. Cecil is not doing his duty by the tenants. It was just as well for him and his wife to travel for the first years—till—till Marie found her feet; but now, Marie is quite capable of taking up her

position. She was always refined—curiously refined considering her parentage. Abroad, she has mixed with the best people. She has a genius for picking up the right things—even to a gesture. In appearance she leaves nothing to be desired. No one would think she was the daughter of a village grocer.'

'No, no one would,' John agreed emphatically. 'Marie looks to the manner born.'

'She really does,' Nellie ejaculated. 'No one would suspect that she was lowly-born.'

'Yet, Marie herself never forgets it,' said Lady Bretton, 'as you will see when I read you her letter. Also, she is always obsessed by a fear of being a drag on Cecil's wheels. Now she is anxious on little Basil's account too. Basil is five years old. He speaks Spanish like a Spaniard. I don't want Basil to be a Spaniard. He should be brought up with English traditions. He is the heir to the estates. His colouring is his mother's. You know Marie's dark beauty would strike any one as being more Spanish than English.'

'Yes,' said John meditatively, 'it has often puzzled me. I fancy that far back there may have been Spanish blood. You see sailors from wrecked foreign ships sometimes settle on a shore where waves wash them. They marry. People of that class know little of their far-away ancestry. The Targets may have had a wrecked Spanish sailor among theirs.'

Lady Bretton nodded. She went on. 'Well, if Basil looks Spanish, and is brought up in Spain, our tenantry will look on him as a foreigner when he comes to be Sir Basil Bretton. It won't work.'

'I completely agree with you, Lady Bretton,' John pronounced.

Lady Bretton opened her gold chain-bag and withdrew a letter, which was bulky. She unfolded the sheets with hands which trembled a little.

'I will omit the first part of the letter, which refers only to my health,' she said. Then she read aloud: 'Of course, our little Basil knows nothing of any grandparents than you. For your sake, for Cecil's sake, for Basil's sake, don't you think, dearest Lady Bretton (I must so address you, though you have been so good as to tell me to call you "mother" as Cecil does!) —don't you think it best that he should remain in ignorance of my parentage till he is grown up, and must know? By that time my dear and honoured but humble father and mother will be in heaven. They—dear good souls—would understand. Naturally they would love to see their only grandchild, but they

would sacrifice their wish for his good. Cecil thinks we should now come into residence at Apedale Hall. I dread it a little, but, I will do whatever Cecil wishes. Basil is to all intents and purposes a little Spaniard! He must become English. Cecil says there must be a good English governess found for him, and at once—not out here, but at Apedale. He will in due course go to Eton. But that is looking ahead. I think Cecil is now feeling that he has neglected the estates long enough. For myself I meet Spanish grandees without embarrassment: also English gentlefolk who come here. But, dear Lady Bretton, out here, I see no one who knows my origin, so it is easy. It will, I know, be to me an ordeal to be among English county-folk. Still, I shall try not to disgrace you or Cecil. Cecil, thank God! shows no sign of regretting his marriage up to now. But a new chapter of my life begins when we take up responsibilities at Apedale Hall.

'My chief anxiety is Basil. Basil is pure aristocrat. In him there is no trace of my humble birth. He has, without knowing it, already pride of race. Cecil says the child "carries himself regally." He is clever too, and of a most loveable disposition. He is extremely kind to animals. He is never impolite to his nurses, though there is something of condescension in his attitude to inferiors. All this, together with his extraordinary *memory* makes me feel that it may be the wisest course never to let him see my dear parents. Later on, he must know about them. That is inevitable. But, dear Lady Bretton, (I had almost written "My Lady"!) if Basil once saw my dear father, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, serving behind the counter; if Basil once saw my dear mother at the wash-tub, that picture would persist in the child's memory. He would hate it. It might even make him bitter. It would be a nightmare to so proud a child. Don't you see, dear Lady Bretton? Now if my dear parents are only a name to him, there will be no picture of them in his mind. He will only think of them as not well-off.

'I have said nothing of this to Cecil. I appeal to you, for I feel you will understand best. Tell me what I am to do. I shall follow your wishes. I always feel I wronged you, and I wronged Cecil in my marriage—but I loved him so! I love him more than ever, and I know that his love for me is wonderful. I want to do what is best for him and for Basil whatever it may cost me. I can still visit my parents, and I know that Cecil will. It is all a question of Basil. Do help and advise me.'

Lady Bretton replaced this letter in her gold chain-bag, and withdrew another, which she held between her fingers, as she glanced at the figure of the artist, leaning in the shadow over the back of a big chair.

Sir John moved his position, and became visible in the lamp light. His fine features showed signs of emotion.

'Tell me,' said Lady Bretton, 'just what you think, John.'

'I think that Marie shows a splendid spirit of unselfishness,' he declared. 'As to advice—well, the problem is difficult. I scarcely know what to say.'

Nellie said nothing. She just pressed the hand that held the other letter.

'Then, dear children, I will read you my reply,' Lady Bretton said a little wearily. 'On that I really do beg for your opinion. I want to be wise. I want, above all things, to do what is right. To me it seems clear. Cecil will, I feel sure, be guided by me. A great responsibility—and I grow old, too old I fancy, for such responsibility. Still, Marie has appealed to me. I will not fail her.'

Both Sir John and Lady Laverdy felt a tension. They knew that the crux of the whole matter would be contained in the reply letter they were about to hear.

'Nellie dear, push that cushion into my back a bit—thank you!' said Lady Bretton. Then she unfolded the other letter, and read in a steady voice:

'There is only one thing which should cause shame, dear Marie, that is wrong-doing. This truth you must plant deeply in little Basil's mind, while he is quite young. Your dear good honourable parents are Basil's grandparents, and have equal rights with me—Basil's other grandparent. Basil must not be brought up with false values fixed in his mind. The sooner he is brought to see them the better: but I want to take him there to see them myself. He shall see *how I treat them.* That will be a lesson for him. He is still so young that he will accept readily what is put to him in the right way. I shall ask Lady Laverdy to let me have Basil here, without his nurse, for a little visit. I know she will do it. I want the child quite to myself for a few weeks. He and I will go to his grandparents in that little shop daily. I can promise you that little Basil will soon love those dear good souls, as later, when he grows older, he will reverence them. My dear, I have a notion that in another world, the Targets will rank higher than the Brettons. I shall give your parents the chance to win Basil's heart. They

will do it. Perhaps in this God is giving me a chance to atone for my own unsuspected sin of pride! I have always been a proud woman. Now I find myself asking *proud of what?*—proud of being of fine ancestry! The accident of my birth I now see is nothing to be proud of. Your dear humble parents have something tangible to be proud of. They have honourably worked. They have kept themselves unspotted from the world. Basil must be taught to honour them—*not to be ashamed of them.* I mean to teach him. I am beginning to understand that saying, "They who are first shall be last." It took me some time to arrive at this. I own that it was at first a blow to me to think my son should have married beneath him. I am not sure now, that he did not marry *above* him—in real values. The more I have come to know your dear mother and father, the more I have felt myself small. They are humble, honest Christians, who will take high rank in another world. If you would make Basil a fine noble character, there must be no foolish shame allowed to grow in his mind that his more lowly grandparents are not of his father's rank. He can be so trained as to be proud of them.

'My dear Marie, you will be in the county set, but every one will naturally know you were not born in it. All these things are known. No one will think *a bit less of you for not attempting to hide it.* They will think more of you. You have polished wonderfully. You can take your place anywhere. Believe me you cannot assure your position more certainly by any means than an open attitude about your parentage. I don't mean that you should invite your parents to Apedale. They would be miserable there, but, without *parading,* do not ever *hide,* or show shame about your humble origin. Cecil raised you to his position. It is yours. But your dear parents are yours. *They are Basil's grandparents*—grandparents to be proud of, if one has a sense of real values. Have the pride which does not allow you to want your son, and Cecil's son, to be ashamed of good and honourable ancestors who are not of worldly rank. Now you have my answer. Show this letter to Cecil. I know he will agree with me. I am a very different woman from the one you "maided." Remember how you suffered on account of the wrong you did your parents in your run-away marriage, and in leaving them so long in ignorance of your whereabouts. Do not inflict another wrong upon them—the wrong of depriving them of a sight of their grandson. You say they would understand your action. *They would, poor souls!*—but not quite in the

way you mean. Do not wrong your little son. The course you suggest would drown noble instincts, and sow seeds of moral downfall in that child. Let me take a hand. I know, dear Marie, you mean well. You meant well when you tried to free your husband from what you thought to be a detrimental marriage. Your action then nearly killed him. For he loved you, and continues to love you with his whole soul. Believe me, when little Basil grows up, he will love and respect you more for not hiding from him these two good souls who are his grandparents. Have I said enough? I have accepted you whole-heartedly and slain my foolish pride. Basil will, if you follow my wishes, accept his humble grandparents in a better spirit. He is young. He will have no pride to slay. He will learn to love them before he knows anything of barriers of rank. So they will not exist for him.'

Lady Bretton ceased reading and dropped her hand, which still held the last sheet of her letter, into her lap. She raised her eyes, and met those of Sir John, which were steadfastly fixed upon her—fixed on her with a tender reverance.

There was silence for a few moments. Then Nellie nestled up against the old lady's shoulder. A faint scent of lavender came from the lace on Lady Bretton's gown. This scent was always in after days a connecting link in Nellie's mind with that wonderful example of self-conquest on the part of this proud woman.

'John, do you agree with my letter?' Lady Bretton asked when the silence seemed long.

'Dear Lady Bretton, you are magnificent!' he said in response. 'Do you think I do not know how much you have torn up by the roots to take this attitude?'

'Ill weeds should be torn up by the roots,' she made answer.

'But how many of us lack the courage to do it!' he rejoined.

'But do you really agree with my letter to Marie?' she persisted.

'Entirely,' he pronounced.

'Darling!' whispered Nellie, 'when will you bring Basil here? I want it ever so much!'

'As soon as Cecil and Marie agree to my wishes,' she told her.

That night, alone together, after Lady Bretton had gone to her room, with Lady Laverdy's maid, Yvonne, in attendance upon her, these two married-lovers talked long. To them a beautiful romance seemed unfolded before their eyes. A sort of garden of Eden, in which no serpent could enter, presented

itself to their vision. This little scion of a great house, was to be given a great chance—the chance of knowing gold from dross—and because an old woman had had the courage to trample under foot a giant of traditional pride.

'I take off my hat to Lady Bretton,' John said, as he rose from the old sofa where he had been seated near, very near, his wife. 'But I have a train to catch to-morrow if I am to get to Chelsea in time to go on with that portrait of old Stick-in-the-mud—a dreadful old possessor of millions! We must get to bed; but somehow I feel as if I'd been in a rarified atmosphere to-night!'

* * * * * *

So this was the beginning of a very wonderful experience for Target, the grocer, and his gentle wife.

Mrs. Target was busily and happily engaged in making an apple pudding, when old Lady Bretton presented herself, and was ceremoniously led into the 'best parlour,' by Basil's other grandmother. It was by no means the first time, yet poor Mrs. Target was still nervous and flustered—terribly anxious not to do or say the wrong thing. Lady Bretton was certainly very kind and condescending, but she, Mrs. Target, felt awkward and ill at ease.

Lady Bretton, who was now bent on breaking down barriers, said, 'Dear Mrs. Target, to see you in that lavender print frock, and that big white apron, makes me almost envy your simple, sweet, wholesome life! We are both old women, but you are by far the more attractive! You simple folk are a lot nearer to the Kingdom of God than we are, who do not wear sweet, clean, print frocks, and white aprons! I would like to come closer. I should learn so much from you.'

Mrs. Target smiled in a puzzled way, as she wound the corner of her white apron round a work-worn finger and shyly glanced at the great lady, whose son had married her Anna Maria.

'Oh, my lady!' she ejaculated, 'You have been so kind—so condescending—so forgiving!'

'Mrs. Target, I want to talk to you as woman to woman—not as Lady Bretton to Mrs. Target. Let me come into your kitchen with you while you finish what I am sure you were doing, and talk to you there.'

There was in irresistible appeal in Lady Bretton's voice.

Very soon these two grandmothers were together in Mrs. Target's spotless kitchen, Lady Bretton seated in a wooden chair near the table where the pudding-making went on.

'Your little grandchild, Basil, is coming to stay with me shortly at the Manor,' Lady Bretton said, 'and I want you to make much of him. We must put our heads together to give him a good time with you. I shall bring him to spend whole days with you alone, so that you can make friends with him in your own way. He is a dear little fellow.'

Suddenly Mrs. Target lost all her embarrassment. She broke into a joyous but unaffected familiarity with the great lady.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'if the little man were here this minute, I'd give him a piece of paste, and show him how to make a mouse with currants for eyes, and I'd bake it for him, and let him eat it!'

Lady Bretton knew that she had won.

'Just the very thing!' she said delightedly. 'Basil would remember that mouse for ever.'

And that very thing happened! Little Basil's acquaintance with his humble grandmother began by a paste mouse. Where it ended was in a real and lasting affection.

# My Heart's Desire

By W. A. L. TAYLOR, B.A.

Give me the joy of the morning, O Lord,
And a task that shall be my delight,
Whatever the work that my hand finds to do—
Let me do it with mirth and with might.

Give me the calm of the evening, I pray,
And the sweet benediction of sleep,
In gathering shadows may mine be the peace
Of the fold the Good Shepherd doth keep.

Give me the refuge of home truly blest,
And a fireside with loved ones around,
Where the treasures of life are mingled and shared,
And sweet graces of friendship abound.

Give me the wealth of the days wisely spent,
And the harvest of plentiful years,
A recompense fair, and sufficient reward
For my portion of travail and tears.

So may I find at the end of the way,
When the traveller is seeking his rest,
A place in the house of our Father prepared,
And a share in the joys of the blest.

# Voices of the Past

By RICHARD H. WRAY

## III. RICHARD WATSON

IN one of the most delightful chapters of *Wesley's World Parish,* Dr. G. G. Findlay described with consummate skill 'The Three Mighties'—Bunting, Watson, and Newton. He gives just praise to Bunting, quoting the striking saying, 'For thirty years, Jabez Bunting's brain was the focus of Methodism.' He speaks of 'the soaring intellect of Watson,' and 'the captivating eloquence of Newton.'

'Watson combined literary and pulpit gifts of an order unique in the Methodist ministry of his generation; he ranked amongst preachers with such men as Robert Hall and William Jay. His mind was lofty and discursive, strong both in logic and imagination; his utterance flowed in a pure, full, and richly varied strain; his sensibilities were exquisitely strung, and there was in him a vein of pathos, deepened and chastened by physical suffering, which profoundly touched the hearts of men.' (p. 27.)

The outstanding ability and influence of Watson are well described in E. J. Brailsford's excellent volume on *Richard Watson* in 'The Library of Methodist Biography.' 'He had a union of forces, a combination of qualities, and a range of influence which none of his contemporaries possessed.' (p. 11.) He quotes the testimony of Robert Hall of Leicester, himself one of the great preachers of that generation, to Richard Watson's 'pre-eminence.' 'He soars into regions of thought where no genius but his own can penetrate.' (p. 85.)

The story of Watson's life is one of the romances of Methodism. His father was a saddler and a Calvinistic Dissenter. He received a good education, beginning the study of Latin in his seventh year, and entering Lincoln Grammar School at the age of ten. He was apprenticed to a joiner in Lincoln at the age of fourteen. He preached his first sermon at Boothby, near Lincoln, on February 23, 1796, at the age of fifteen. He applied for registration as a preacher under the Toleration Act at the Lincoln Quarter Sessions, but was refused as an apprentice. He obtained registration, however, at Newark. His master voluntarily surrendered the indenture of apprenticeship, and Watson became Assistant to the Superintendent Preacher at Newark, Thomas Cooper, whose health had failed. He was received as a preacher on trial by the

Conference of 1796, in his sixteenth year. Five years later he resigned his ministry, entered into business, and became associated with the Methodist New Connexion, soon entering its ministry, and fulfilling a brief but distinguished course in its ranks.

Dr. Eayrs says that 'some of his noblest sermons were preached while he was in the New Connexion,' and that that church 'afforded him an opportunity of developing his remarkable powers, and thrice elected him Secretary of the Conference.' In 1809 Watson's health broke down, and eventually he withdrew from the New Connexion ministry, and for a brief period did journalistic work, becoming editor of *The Liverpool Courier*.

In the year 1812 he was readmitted into the ranks of the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, and for twenty years fulfilled a rich and gracious ministry, becoming President of the Conference at the early age of forty-five. He was one of the first and greatest Missionary Secretaries; giving much to and gaining much from the royal cause of Missions. In a balanced judgement of his work, J. R. and A. E. Gregory, well emphasize his princely service to the missionary enterprise: 'He was the first systematizer of the theology of Methodism; he was, in his day, the most distinguished of Methodist authors; his preaching flamed with fervour and eloquence; but he reached his highest level of devotion and effectiveness in his services to foreign missions. . . . From Watson, in the greatest measure of any one man, came the inspiration, the self-communicating grace and pity that spread throughout the land.' (*New History of Methodism*, Vol. I., p. 38-9.)

Watson had the advantage of a noble and striking appearance. Benjamin Gregory, in his *Autobiographical Recollections*, gives a vivid portrait of him: 'Richard Watson stood six feet two inches. He was very thin. His forehead was immense, but exquisitely moulded, and as if elaborately modelled. His eyes were dark and flashing. His voice was deep, musical, mellow, and well modulated. He was the most impressive object I ever gazed upon.'

Watson's mind dwelt in the loftiest regions of religious and moral truth, and his teaching was of the highest order. His imaginative powers aided both his perception of truth and his exposition of it.

Dr. James Dixon said that he 'combined, in happy harmony, the loftiest conceptions and soaring sublimity with the most

perfect reason, glowing imagination, and intense and hallowed feeling.'

His greatest work was his famous *Theological Institutes,* a manual which was of the highest value to ministers of his day, and for a considerable time after. The writer of this sketch, as a member of Mr. Thomas Willshaw's Theological Class in Manchester, had the privilege of studying *Watson's Institutes* under Mr. Willshaw's guidance, and hundreds of young men laid the foundation of theological study in like happy circumstances. The men who had that privilege owe much to the intellectual and moral grandeur of Watson's teaching. They have had little to unlearn in later years, if much to learn as new light and truth have broken forth from God's Holy Word.

Watson was a faithful minister of Christ. Mr. Brailsford describes his powerful ministry in Hull, showing how he cared for small as well as large places:

'On the Sunday Watson's intellect was casting its spell over crowded congregations. On the week-days he would set out to preach in the Holderness villages. His health was critical, and a pain in his side prevented his riding on horseback. He would walk many miles on swampy roads in all weathers—not always in moonlight, for there is a tradition of one wild night when, trying to thread his way in the dark by a path which wound amongst the dykes, he was lost, and wandered about until his friend, Mr. Thomson, the member of Parliament for Hull, went out with a lantern and found him.' (*Richard Watson,* pp. 53-4.)

Above all, Richard Watson had a supreme aim in preaching, the salvation of souls. In a circular letter he sent to the missionaries abroad he set forth this great purpose, reminding them 'of Him who sent us not only to preach to men, but to persuade them; not to boast of the brightness of the weapons of our warfare and our own supposed dexterity in using them, but to subdue a rebel world to the obedience of faith and love. "He preaches best, says an old divine, who saves the most souls."'

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In that well-worn Bible of Gordon's, there is one passage to which he turned more fondly and more frequently than to any other. He regarded that golden sentence as the key to the entire volume. In his correspondence he quotes it again and again. '*Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.*' '*The indwelling of God!*' he writes. 'The Bible is a sealed book until you realize this truth. It is sure and certain; God lives and works in those who fearlessly confess His Son.'—*F. W. Boreham.*

# In Praise of the Lark

By IRENE M. HEATON

O beauteous songster of the air,
Whence comest thou?
Whence come those high celestial sounds,
Those thrilling notes so free of care?
Whence come they?

O wondrous poet of the skies,
Thou knowest
From whence cometh music like thine own,
Which makes the souls of men to rise.
Thou knowest.

No music ever sung by lyre
And minstrel
Has reached the hearts of men as thou,
No Pipes of Pan so full of fire
As thou art.

Thou art the herald of the spring,
Her prophet.
Sweet messenger of hope and joy,
All other birds upon the wing
Acclaim thee.

Not from thy tiny throat the song,
Sweet creature;
Thine is the passion of the soul,
Thou art a king the birds among,
In spring time.

Some unknown power possesseth thee,
What is it?
Thy sweetheart calling to her mate,
That gives thy heart its rapturous glee,
Fair lover?

Ah, thine the secret for alway,
Dear teacher,
We hear thy message and are glad,
Like thine, our spirits soar, to pray
And worship.

Now joy anew floods our sad hearts,
Brave spirit!
Thine angel-song has broken down
All thoughts of wrong, all weary smarts,
We thank thee!

Oh, let us fill our lives with love,
Thy music,
And as thou giv'st to us thy song,
Divinity of worlds above,
We'll sing it.

# Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

## III. SHAKESPEARE

ALTHOUGH our knowledge of the music produced during the later Tudor period has been much enlarged recently, thanks to the researches of Sir R. R. Terry, Dr. E. H. Fellowes, G. P. Arkwright, and others, there is still considerable doubt as to the extent that the art was practised in those days. The patronage given to music by royalty no doubt had its effect amongst the upper classes. Hollingshed the historian has recorded how 'Henry VIII exercised himself daylie . . . in playing at the recorders and flutes,' and for these he seems to have had a great liking, for his collection of musical instruments included seventy-eight flutes and seventy-six recorders. The virginal (usually spoken of in the plural) was another favourite instrument of his, while he also exercised his talent 'in the setting of songs and ballads.' A short part-song, 'By a banke as I lay,' and an anthem, 'O Lord, the Maker of all things,' are both credited to him, though historians are not agreed about his claim to the anthem.

Elizabeth, too, professed a genuine delight in music, and so favourable was her goodwill that the art flourished greatly during her reign. She performed on the lute and virginals, and though she does not seem to have followed in her father's footsteps as a composer, she struck out an independent line of her own and wrote verses, to which accomplishment Shakespeare is thought to allude when Mortimer says to his wife:

> Thy tongue
> Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
> Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower
> With ravishing division to her lute.

But the love of music was by no means confined to royalty. The aristocracy had bands of musicians in their employ, and made ample use of them, not only on festive occasions, but even at their daily meals. The Duke in *As You Like It* was accustomed to have music at meal-times, though whilst living in exile he had to be content with the vocal efforts of Amiens; and Portia's retinue at her mansion at Belmont included both minstrels and players.

Of a more practical nature was the devotion to music amongst the middle classes. A certain amount of musical skill appears

to have been an essential part of a youth's education. The common people were just as enthusiastic in their way, though it is quite possible that the 'upper ten' looked with a certain amount of contempt on the country dances and the village folk-songs. By a peculiar revolution of opinion these very folk-songs have now come to be recognized as amongst the higher forms of the art, and present-day composers are to no small extent dependent on them for inspiration.

Probably no great master has ever been so entirely dependent on music and musical terms as a means of illustration as Shakespeare. His references, ranging from hymn-tunes to wayside songs, are innumerable, and it will not be possible to give more than a few examples of the way in which he made use of the various forms of the art. His indebtedness to music is apparent in nearly all the plays, and the aptness of his illustrations clearly proves that he was well versed, not perhaps in its mysteries, but certainly in its elements.

***Where did Shakespeare Learn his Music?***

So little is known of Shakespeare's life that any one who undertakes to write concerning it is bound to assume a good deal, a somewhat dangerous undertaking, unless such assumptions are based on a certain substratum of possibilities. It is, then, perhaps quite justifiable to suppose that when the pageant and festivities were being held at Kenilworth in 1575, the boy Shakespeare went over from Stratford with his father to see the fun. In its general outlines the pageant did not differ greatly from similar present-day events as regards the various side-shows, but in connexion with music it is interesting to remember that at Kenilworth the boy probably first heard many of the instruments with which he afterwards shows such intimate acquaintance. Hautboys, cornets, and other 'loud music' were there in plenty. One of the sights was a huge representation of a dolphin from whose ample interior came forth 'a melodious noise,' compounded of six several instruments, which formed an accompaniment to a singer who 'began a delectable ditty' as he rode on the monster's back. The memory of this marvel still lingered in his mind when, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he makes Oberon say to Puck:

> Thou remember'st
> Since once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

***Consorts of Instruments.***

It is probable that the instruments that formed the orchestra in the interior of the Kenilworth dolphin were the lute, pandora, citterne, bass viol, flute, and treble viol, all of these, except the pandora, being mentioned in one or other of the plays. Most of these were stringed instruments, for which Shakespeare seems to have had a special liking. The lute was a very popular instrument of the period, though it was extremely difficult to keep in tune. An eighteenth-century writer affirmed that if a lute player lived to the good old age of eighty, he has probably spent at least sixty of those years in trying to keep his instrument in tune. It had eleven strings, being shaped like a large guitar, and the tuning difficulty arose from the fact that the pegs to which the strings were fastened were continually slipping, thus throwing the instrument out of tune. There is an amusing reference to this difficulty in *The Taming of the Shrew,* when Bianca is with Hortensio and Lucentio, disguised as music teacher and professor of languages respectively. Addressing Hortensio, the lady says:

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles; his lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

HORTENSIO: You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune.

LUCENTIO: That will be never. Tune your instrument.

However, Hortensio accomplishes his task, and, coming forward again, says:

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA: Let's hear. (*Hortensio plays.*)

O fie, the treble jars.

LUCENTIO: Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Now, whether Shakespeare had ever seen Lucentio's advice actually carried out or not we cannot say, but he evidently understood the trouble arising from a peg that kept on slipping.

Elson, in his *Shakespeare and Music,* points out that the dramatist refers to the lute-strings apart from the instrument, for they had their special uses. On New Year's Day a youthful gallant would tie up a packet of lute-strings, conceal a poem in them, and send them as a gift to his lady-love. Queen Elizabeth greatly appreciated presents of this kind, as they were a tribute to her skill in music.

(*To be continued.*)

# Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

## THE LAST SACRIFICE

FROM my old Portfolio to-day, I took out a sketch I made many years ago, of a middle-aged woman, whose wonderful dark hair, sprinkled with silver threads, reached far below her knees. My memory rushed me back to a visit I made to the Black Country of South Staffordshire, in order to make illustrations for a book which dealt with the iron-workers. I was then new to my work, and not altogether sure of myself, so as I came into the grimy, unlovely half-town, half-village, which I will call Radley, I grew despondent. Where in such a scene could I find a place to stay which was free from smuts?

It was summer, and evening. Outside rows of small houses, were iron-workers, performing their ablutions, stripped to the waist. All the doors stood open, and I caught a glimpse of round tea-tables laid out ready for a meal for these brave workers. I saw kindly-faced, buxom women, and sturdy children within tiny rooms, and I must say I was a little surprised to note so many clean little faces and so many clean pinafores. How did these women manage to keep their children clean in such a place?

My depression gave place very soon to one of exultation. To think that there were women who made such a cheerful fight with unloveliness and dirt, and showed smiling faces! The faces I saw were nearly all smiling—even those of the iron-workers, who were scouring themselves with soapsuds and shouting jokes to each other, as they removed the black records of their toil.

I found an inn, which called itself hotel, and there I was again amazed to find cleanliness. My bedroom, though furnished with heavy, old-fashioned furniture, was as clean as hands could make it. My food was well-cooked, if plain.

The landlady told me that to-morrow, being Saturday, was 'Pikelet day,' and that in a cottage a bit way out of the town—oh, not far—Mary Benton made most wonderful pikelets, and if I went up I would see her making them, and I could ask her to butter one for me fresh from the 'grid,' and I would not forget it!

Very puzzled, I asked what pikelets were.

'A sort of pancake, miss,' she explained.

I made up my mind to pay Mary Benton a visit next morning.

Quite early I found my way to the cottage—so early, that the pikelet-making had not begun. Mary Benton was sitting on a wooden chair near the open door, plaiting what seemed yards and yards of beautiful hair, while she sang a song, in which a child-voice joined from somewhere within. The song stopped as I appeared in sight, and a child's voice called out, 'There's another verse, mother; go on!'

I came up to the open door, and said, 'You are Mrs. Benton, I think? I have come to sample your pikelets, and I am too early I see.'

'Oh no, miss!' the woman answered. 'The batter is made. I'll put one on the grid the minute I've finished my hair.'

I saw plainly that she had with pride seen my admiring glances fixed on her wonderful hair. I at once gave her the expected compliment.

'I never saw such beautiful hair!' I exclaimed—and I meant it. Glossy, and thick, half of it mantled one shoulder, and descended to the floor, while she rapidly plaited the other half. The pale face of Mary Benton became rosy in a moment. Her eyes lit with pleasure.

'It's a good lot, isner it?' she said, coiling the finished plait round and round her head, fixing it with hairpins which lay ready in her lap, and at once commencing to plait the other half. 'But it takes more time to do than I like.'

'There's another verse,' piped a shrill treble from an inner room.

'All right, ducky,' called Mary, 'We'll sing it when the lady has got her pikelet.'

'I want to see the lady,' called the child.

'May I see her?' I asked, feeling somehow sure the voice belonged to a little girl.

'Why, yes, miss,' Mary answered, 'if you'd like to. She's in there, my little crippled Nancy, and so glad to see any one. Will you kindly go in while I finish my hair?'

I passed through the kitchen into a bedroom—such a clean, sweet bedroom—where was a cot beside a single bed. In the cot lay a lovely child, lovely in spite of that spinal disease which had debarred her for ever from walking. She told me jubilantly that she was five, and that mother was going to take her to the sea for a birthday present. 'I want that bad to look at the sea,' she said. Then she added, 'I don't know you. You don't live here.'

'No, dear, I live a long way off,' I told the child.

'Do you live where there is sea?' she asked searching my face.

'No, but I've been to the sea,' I told her, as I kissed the flushed cheek.

'Tell me about it,' she cried eagerly.

So I told her about the waves breaking on yellow sands, and about the pools where children could sail toy-boats, and of rocks with seaweed clinging to them, and of the baby-crabs that walked so funnily.

Then her mother came, and told me I should soon have my pikelet.

'Your little girl says you are taking her to the sea for a birthday present,' I said. 'What a lovely present!'

Mary Benton smiled. It was a smile I shall never forget.

'Yes, miss,' she said. 'Her father always promised her to see it. He died. So it's me that's going to do it. Next Tuesday we go.'

'I'm going to have a bucket and spade,' cried Nancy.

The mother glanced at me with tear-filled eyes, as she said, 'She can lie on the beach and fill her bucket, miss. That will be a lot to her.'

The pikelet was made and eaten, but I felt that it choked me, good as it was.

'You'll come again before we go,' cried Nancy, as I was departing. She had liked my telling her about the sea.

'I'll come on Monday,' I told her.

On Monday, I came, armed with a big Teddy-bear, as an offering to little Nancy.

At the door Mary met me—such a changed Mary, I was staggered. Her beautiful hair was gone.

Her eyes met mine.

'Yes, miss,' she said with quivering mouth. 'My hair fetched the price of Nancy looking at the sea. A Birmingham man has wanted to buy it a long time. But what matter? My hair took a lot of time, and maybe I'd been a lot too proud of it. I so long refused to sell it.'

I felt a constriction at my throat, but I answered,

'You will get your money's worth, Mrs. Benton.'

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It is the only business and the supreme privilege of the Church of Christ to call men everywhere to spiritual truth and the ethical rightness which follows its apprehension. That is the commission of Christ to His people.—*Walter J. Noble.*

# Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

***Another Fine Boreham.***

*THE FIERY CRAGS* is Mr. Boreham's new volume, and it is as delightful as any he has given us. He has rare skill in choosing a title. The Seven Sisters of Penguin Point have helped him here. He stood at sunset on the splintered summit of one of them and watched the incoming tide swirling around the reef below. 'Everywhere was a heaving billow of molten gold, whilst the crags along the coast were reddened by the glory that flamed from the west.' Less than an hour before the crags were grey. Mr. Boreham caught the analogy. His book is a record of impressions lighted up by the radiance that sometimes streams upon this world from worlds beyond. 'The Boy' wins us at the start. Mr. Boreham claims to be an expert on boys, and no one will dispute that claim after he has read this essay. We become boys again, and are better and wiser for it. 'Great News from Scotland' is the story of Richard Luckhurst's conversion, and it is worthy of remembrance. Every essay has its own charm. We watch Mr. Feltham 'remove the mouldy bit' from his text, 'If we believe that Jesus died and rose again.' The 'If' disappears, and we step out into the sunshine. 'A Wall in Westmorland' finds us sitting in Grasmere churchyard with the soothing murmur of the Rothay and the blithe notes of the birds in our ears. Wordsworth becomes an earnest, pure-hearted Christian, and in the rich minstrelsy of the years that followed he set our Lord's 'Come unto Me and rest' to music. Preachers will feel a thrill as they turn to 'A Sword Bathed in Heaven,' and 'The Balm of Allah' will take them back to their own youth. The old man's hint to the pair of students leaves a thrill. 'The greatest sympathy ever extended to sinful men was exhibited by One who, Himself, had never yielded to a single sin; isn't that so?' Mr. Boreham never seems asleep, and his essays sharpen our insight and warm our hearts.

***The New Fernley Lecture.***

*Israel's Debt to Egypt* (5*s.* net) is the new Fernley which Dr. Sugden came from Australia to deliver. It is a subject which throws a flood of light on the Old Testament, and the lecturer has made it his own by wide research. He describes the historical contacts between Egypt and Israel through Abram's sojourn, the

life of Joseph, the Oppression and the Exodus. Nor does he overlook the later contacts. Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt and the road across the Isthmus of Suez was thronged with travelling merchants and their caravans. The influence of Egypt on the religion of Israel is traced in its worship and ritual and in the belief in the persistence of human personality after death. The debt of Israel's ' Language and Literature ', ' Arts and crafts,' to Egypt are brought out in a most instructive way. Dr. Sugden has no dull moments and his Lecture will be greatly enjoyed from first to last.

***Mr. Rattenbury on the Wesleys.***

*Wesley's Legacy to the World* (7*s.* 6*d.* net) embodies the Quillian Lectures which the Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury delivered this spring at Atlanta. He has made them as popular in style as possible. That popular and devotional treatment will certainly widen the book's appeal. Methodism is an experimental religion. That is its claim to the attention of all Christian minds. Wesley was ' An Eighteenth Century Citizen of Heaven.' He was a pilgrim of eternity, who lived in England and sojourned for a time in America. But the value of a Francis and a Wesley is not exhausted by their heavenly citizenship. We want to know how they behaved on earth; how they controlled their human passions and made themselves the instruments of God. That gives abiding interest to ' The Human Wesley as an Apostle in the Making.' The measure of ' The Man and the Age ' is summed up in the sentence, ' There can, indeed, be little doubt that the man of the eighteenth century who mattered most to the world was neither politician nor poet, neither soldier nor sailor, but the little itinerant on horseback,—the Great Equestrian, as I would call him—who is still riding on to new conquests.'

The second part on ' The Rediscovery of God ' brings out the experimental doctrines of the Evangelical Revival—God's unqualified love for all mankind, the witness of the Spirit, and Perfect Love. Charles Wesley had the genius of a poet; John Wesley that of a statesman. His organizations were ' great roadways of evangelical traffic in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and were as valuable as the Roman roads of the first century for spreading the good news of Jesus the Crucified.' Methodism is represented in Part III as ' A Religion of Common Sense.' Wesley placed practical service above every ecclesiastical consideration. Mr. Rattenbury feels that Methodism is not worth preserving except in so far as she preserves her vital experience of God and witnesses to it. The Wesleyan influence

on religion is acknowledged by all historians. Special attention is here given to the testimony of Père Piette and Professor Halévy. The influence on Protestantism and on Modern Religious Movements is traced.

An important section of the book is devoted to the secular influence of the Wesleys. That subject is treated in an arresting way. Lord Shaftesbury was 'his spiritual son. He honoured Wesley as the greatest man of his times, and his social service was the logical outcome of Wesley's teaching, the natural product of the Evangelical Revival.'

The last part of the lectures deals with 'The Wesleyan Hymnody.' Charles Wesley's hymns were of incalculable value to the Revival. 'Fervent, impulsive, penitent, joyous, battling, victorious, lapsing, and returning to God, all that has been characteristic of the Methodist religious temperament is to be found in Charles Wesley's hymns. Could Methodism have existed without them? From the beginning they were as vitally important, even as a constructive instrument, as John's organization.'

Mr. Rattenbury has certainly succeeded in treating the story of the Wesleys in a style that will appeal not only to Methodists but to all who understand something of the abiding significance of the Evangelical Revival.

***'World Loyalty.'***

The Beckly Lecture has established its reputation as a Christian treatment of Social Problems. Sir Josiah Stamp gave the first lecture on *The Christian Ethic as an Economic Factor,* and it has been widely studied. Miss Rathbone in the second lecture dealt with *The Ethics of Family Endowment.* The third lecture given at Liverpool in July by Maxwell Garnett, Secretary of the League of Nations Union, on *World Loyalty* is a subject not less vital than those treated with such skill by Sir Josiah Stamp and Miss Rathbone. It shows that human beings are 'among the most important things in the universe. Humanity must somehow be central in the Kingdom of God. This would be a hard saying if we had not learned from the founder of Christianity to think of God as the Father of mankind. Love, is to be central in each man's single wide interest. It must therefore be central also in the impersonal endarchy. Again, the single wide interest, or personal endarchy, just described as belonging to the ideal individual, is the impersonal endarchy of the ideal world. Observe then that harmony between the central purposes of different individuals will be inevitable if

they agree upon the highest good. And they will so agree if the central elements in their different personal endarchies correspond to the same central elements in the impersonal endarchy which we have called the Kingdom of God; for this last is no other than the *summum bonum*—the highest good of all.' That quotation marks the spirit of this arresting and well-timed study (2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* net).

***For the Bunyan Tercentenary.***

The Rev. R. Winboult Harding has written this book on Bunyan's Life and Times in view of the Tercentenary of the Bedford Tinker's birth, and there is nothing better on the bookstalls. It describes his early days at Elstow, his two and a half years in the army, and the way in which 'Grace Abounding' found him after days of bitter penitence. His autobiography is chiefly concerned with an inward struggle which lasted for four years. The things which troubled him were not outward sins. They were fears and doubts. Esau's example was a constant menace to the Bedford penitent; the figure of the Cities of Refuge a continual comfort. Deliverance came under the ministry of John Gifford, and he was soon a village preacher. It is a story which never loses its appeal, and Mr. Harding follows him to the prison in which he spent twelve years, and where *Grace Abounding* was written. On his release he became pastor to the Bedford Meeting-house, and was known as 'Bishop Bunyan' through a wide circle of towns and villages. When he was sent to the prison on the bridge-head he wrote the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress,* and followed it on his release by the second part, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman, The Holy War,* and *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved.* He died at Snow Hill on August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Mr. Harding has chapters on *Pilgrim's Progress* as a Map of the Road, as Literature, as a work of Art, and closes with the Man himself. Courage was one of his favourite virtues. His blood was up when he described the fight between Great-heart and Giant Maul, but he knows how to admire the dogged persistence of Christian as he climbs the Hill Difficulty and no one is more touchingly described than Mr. Fearing. Our Puritan loved music, and sets the bells ringing again and again. He delights in children, rejoices to hear the birds singing, and basks in sunshine. Mr. Harding certainly makes us love and honour Bunyan more than ever. The book is wonderfully cheap at 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

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